THE COMMONWEAL

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THIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

THE mordant weapon of the printed page can be used for endless varieties of good and ill. One way, of which Catholics are becoming increasingly conscious, is writing by the disgruntled in criticism of groups to which they have once belonged. Naturally enough it is to a man's credit if, realizing the deficiencies of his associations and environment, he seeks out fields and pastures new. Progress is really change, up to a given point; and if the heathens had never become Christians, or the sinners saints, the story of religion would have ended long ago in a catalogue of superstitions and vices. What we must be sure of always, however, is that the shift really means advancement toward perfection. The disgruntled can be unfair as well as incisive. And if their mood is bitterness rather than charity, the result is likely to be a caricature of the grossest sort.

Witness, for example, the recent work of men formerly in the Catholic priesthood or the Catholic seminary. In one case it is a sheer diatribe against old superiors and companions, written in a mood of pique and published under the basest auspices. Again it is an article in a supposedly intelligent magazine professing to "expose" conditions in a seminary, as the author claims to have experienced them. To those who know the facts, the thing seems to have been tossed off for a few venal dollars. The writer, a shiftless, improvident, mentally and emotionally unstable young fellow, sometimes pitied and aided by those who have known or even loved him, recites a narrative of failure in which all the blame is thrown from his own weak self upon the "system" which exacted more than he could give. The mood in which such effusions are read is often one of righteous anger. What? Can a magazine editor be found willing to publish such perversive stuff as this? Or again it is one of indignation over a soul which could so far debase itself as to lie—not only to others but also to that residue of God's grace which still dissociates it from the utterly ignominious and the fallen.

Another is a former priest. His books and magazine articles, now accumulated in considerable number, were piquant for a time. Many sensed a bruised, proud spirit who forgot no human weakness in those who may once have lorded it over him and who were, now, pilloried in page after page. But gradually the writer's position changed. He became an unfailing source of supply to all those who wanted, for publicity pur-

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poses, the kind of scandal which can be relied upon to send Catholics into a rage. Unfolding a swiftly moving panorama of fallen priests and rash declarations, he must have felt his interior gloom expanding into a grin. Cast off from all his ancient attachments, even the glory of the chrism which had once given his fingers a power believed ineffable, he suddenly understood, with what dismal joy we cannot divine, that his company could now include all who had tumbled by the way—drunkards and weaklings, victims of corporate religious injustice and of their own impaled ambitions. And there were others. In an age when the power of Rome seemed at least a threat, here was one man (they said) who balked at this power and turned his back upon it. They coaxed and coaxed. Finally he, now banned from pulpits, learned the full dimensions of that parcel for venom which is the pamphlet. It is not his competence that matters, for he has no competence. But he sits feverishly mixing and distributing his poisons; and one thinks the best possible attitude is thankfulness to heaven for not having sent us for our scourging a greater man.

But there is a side of all these tales which we too frequently ignore. Wrath and just repudiation? Yes. But who knows if the darkness in these hearts is really not more deserving of mercy than our own self-satisfaction. When a disease like this breaks out —for it is a disease, morbid and malignant—the cause is usually social as well as individual. And it seems to us the cause may well be a dearth of genuine charity, a willingness to forget the stranger robbed on the way to Jericho or the woman whose offenses outnumbered the sand's grains. We have, for instance, some knowledge of all the cases mentioned. And we know also of at least one splendid old priest who, if in his kindness he had been delegated to deal with them, would (under God) have brought all three ships securely into harbor. But though the jungles of Burma are scoured for heathen to be instructed in the way of the cross, our highways know no sleuths. To us it is still Browning's world, so far as we are concerned. Contented with having the cold water on tap, we cannot be bothered with passing it around. An indifference extraordinary in character and effect seems on the verge of prevailing.

What America needs from the Catholic point of view is not primarily an evidence guild or a league of full-fledged apologists. These are desirable and can be developed. But the primary necessity is some compact group of men and women, in religion or out of it, who will take the mandate of charity as seriously as the Lord intended it to be taken and as Saint Paul expounded it. The world might scoff at them, their deeds and their prayers. But they might eventually astonish everybody by doing something now apparently impossible—their ability to bring home again even a strayed priest or a weak and silly ex-seminarian. Anyhow it is as worth trying now as it was divinely said to be worth trying 2,000 years ago.

WEEK BY WEEK

SOME naive persons appear to have imagined that the Versailles treaty would somehow render all Germans incapable of firing a hypothetical musket or throwing a hand grenade. At least dismay over the leakiness of this hypothesis continues to provide topics for leading and excited articles in various European magazines. The French in particular have published some highly remarkable documents. But try as the patriots might, military drill remained unpopular and pressure finally brought the period of training down to ten months. Now André Maginot, minister of war, has come out for the theory advanced by General von Seeckt, which is to the effect that a force of 100,000 paid volunteers constitutes the finest kind of modern martial nucleus and that the old-fashioned idea of universal service had been entombed along with the medical doctrines of Paracelsus. Whether or not the French will agree to endorse this change remains to be seen. But there is in it the nucleus of a possible departure from the levée en masse principle which had dominated Europe since the French Revolution. If the world could confine its fighting to areas like those taken for granted in the seventeenth century half the scare of war would automatically disappear.

Corporals to the Fore

NULLIFICATION is a word which, because of the obsessing importance that prohibition has lamentably assumed in the public mind, is now generally supposed to mean nothing other than the efforts of the scofflaws to break down the barriers forbidding the legal quenching of their thirst. It is, therefore, at first rather bewildering to come across such a title as Nullification: a Process of Government, in the pages of the Political Science Quarterly for September, attached to a highly important article by Professor Schuyler C. Wallace of Columbia University. Professor Wallace summarizes the results of an investigation which he has conducted in an effort to ascertain the degree to which deliberate nullification has become a part of our governmental system. The results are unusually significant because of the fact that more than three thousand prosecuting attorneys throughout the United States were questioned by Professor Wallace. Hence the nullification studied by him is not the individualistic and irresponsible practices of irate and thirsty citizens, but is the much more serious methods employed by duly constituted and sworn defenders of the legal code which is supposed to govern the country, either to ignore or minimize the application of that code. The results will be startling to those who have hitherto only vaguely recognized the extent to which this type of nullification has become a part of our social system. Approximately 10 percent of the attorneys answered the ques-

Looking into Results

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tionnaire, which Professor Wallace considers "a fair sampling" of the prevailing situation among the defenders of the law. Of those who answered at least 90 percent frankly admitted that it was a common practice for them to use their discretion in the enforcement or non-enforcement of particular laws, and that there were on the statute books many laws which they never enforced.

THE prohibition laws are far from being the only ones thus "nullified." Traffic regulations are naturally prominent among the laws which are interpreted more or less arbitrarily, but the so-called blue laws of the various states are probably a close second. Among other laws frequently mentioned by the district attorneys as being subject to individual interpretation are such offenses as frauds of common law, disseminating birth control information, usury, laws establishing equal social rights for Negroes, the anti-gambling laws, statutes regulating the punishment of many sexual or moral offenses, in addition to an exceedingly long list of various minor regulations which illustrate the degree to which the prevalent mania for wholesale law-making on the part of national and state legislatures has proceeded. Whether the responsibility for non-enforcement of laws all of which according to the strict legal point of view possess equal validity, rests upon the grand jury, the petit jury or the prosecuting attorneys, seems to Professor Wallace relatively unimportant. "The fact is that the laws have been and are being nullified," he says, "and the practice of nullification by administrative officers, acting either on their own volition or under the pressure of local public opinion, is a widespread and seemingly accepted process of government. I do not raise the question of the wisdom of this policy, but leave that for others to discuss." That there will be a lively discussion of these points and of many others raised by this first attempt to gain really scientific knowledge of so important a question cannot be doubted.

AFTER having considered some of the recipes for "prohibition punches" devised and collected by Mrs. James M. Doran, whose husband was formerly in charge of enforcing Volsteadism, we are reminded of the difference between the lions of the zoo and the lions of the desert. A characteristic of the first is their willingness to eat what is given them—a virtue from which the second depart occasionally, to the dismay of native and hunter. These concoctions of tea, lemon juice, soda water, berries in season and kumquats are certainly adequate for all those who consider them adequate. Indeed, the "spiced punch" more or less originated by Lenna Lowe Yost would probably not be bad at all under the right conditions. The unfortunate truth, however, is that those who covet something more alcoholic simply will not be fooled. Like the kings and queens of the desert, they will ferret out a cocktail even at the risk of life and limb. It would not be a disgrace to humanity if some of them were converted to lemonade and even tomato juice. But after the experience of a dozen years, it would seem that these wild persons can be enticed into no zoo, though all the berries of creation were squeezed into silver bowls of the most charming shape. Perhaps the best thing would be, after all, to abolish the zoo and then watch all the animals flock toward it—as they were flocking in the good days of yore.

Substitutes for Happiness

DURING the course of excavations at Chou Kou Tien, near Pekin, certain human remains were unearthed which undoubtedly belong to the most important of recent paleontological discoveries. The Sinanthropus pekinensis, the official name given to a human skull found in the very lowest stratum attained by the excavators, has already been widely discussed. A Jesuit attached to the expedition, P. Teilhard de Chardin, furnishes a most valuable summary, contributed to a recent issue of La Revue des Questions Scientifiques. He tells us that the place where the relic was found, together with numerous other fossils, was undoubtedly a cave which served as a kind of habitation. The skull resembles in shape those of the Neanderthal man and the Pithecanthropus, but a more attentive analysis reveals the captivating fact that (to use the Jesuit's words) "the newly discovered Hominien inserts himself harmoniously between the Neanderthal and Pithecanthropus types." Nevertheless this rough estimate must be qualified to allow for the "series of cranial peculiarities which give the Sinanthropus an individuality all its own." Interesting consequences follow, primarily the fact that a Hominien of the pre-Neanderthal type has been found in western China, and that he undoubtedly lived in the Pleistocene age. What relationship could have existed between him and the primitive men of Europe? How did he get to China?

Another Ancient Man

NO ANSWER to these questions can, of course, be given. Père de Chardin, however, believes it advisable to make the following observations: "More generally speaking, it is evident that the discovery of the Sinanthropus represents an important 'point' gained by those who seek to extend transformism to the human form. This success may have certain deplorable c nsequences, even in so far as genuine science is concerned. Many assertions smacking of an antiquated materialism have either been revived, or soon will be, in connection with the 'Man of Pekin.' It is appropriate to recall with insistence that no evidence drawn from paleontology can ever undermine the awesome grandeur of the present human entity. The sole purpose of human paleontology is to shed light upon the embryogenesis of the human species. But neither in the case of man as a species nor in that of man as an

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individual do embryonic states permit definition of the value of the adult being. The Sinanthropus fortunately helps us to understand better the successive forms assumed by the human type in forming itself within the bosom of the rest of life. But if we would appreciate, even scientifically, what a prodigious event in the history of the earth is represented by the apparition of thought, we must look elsewhere entirely. The scientific solution of the human problem will not be achieved by the study of fossils but through a more attentive consideration of those properties and possibilities which enable us to see in the man of today the man of tomorrow."

Toscanini at Baireuth

RUMORS predicting that Mr. Toscanini will assume charge of the Baireuth festival, thus assuring to the works of Richard Wagner the finest contemporary art of interpretation, recall a great deal of musical history. Lasting enmity appeared to have been sworn between the romantic German and the Italian schools of music. Tristan and Isolde was the expression of German individuality, subjective and profound; Aida revealed, within more limited bounds, the Latin affection for melody and form. Whole theses have been written about this contrast. Nevertheless time moves and with it the attitudes of men. Recent German composers have been hard pressed to escape the influence of the Baireuth Titan. Everything they did was suspected of epigonistic vices, and so gradually they ferreted out new forms and objects for their work, caressing the traditions of polyphony as well as the newer aspirations of diatonic composition. Meanwhile the Latins slowly cast off their anti-Wagnerian prejudices, realizing that this great music must be taken as a matter of course, discriminatingly and yet wholeheartedly. Some of the very finest current speech about Wagner comes from the French, and the genius of Mr. Toscanini has nowhere been more evident than in the interpretations of these German operas. Going to Baireuth may well be something of a venture even for the foremost of conductors, but those who know his extraordinary achievement are not uneasy.

New York: Metropolis

IT IS a harmless pleasure to add our mite of speculation to the expert opinions which Arnold, Constable and Company have elicited by their question, What makes New York great? If we shift the stress from the relatively unmeaning adjective "great" to the definitely connotative noun "metropolis," we shall at least have located the inquiry in the proper field. New York is great because it is unquestionably a metropolis. It has the same imperturbable assurance of uniqueness and power as a patrician has of breeding. This does not mean merely the most money or the highest buildings or the best stores or the smartest society or the most varied and numerous theatres; it means an amalgam of all these, and dozens more, into a physical unity; and a corresponding organic conception in the minds of the dwellers of all those cities and villages and neighborhoods that go to make up the super-city. And all of this, moreover, is seasoned by a tradition. New York is not merely a point in transit or a freak of architectural beauty. It is one of the places of the world: sought, returned to, remembered. People have come to it, and will come; people have loved it, and will love. And though, as the New York World points out, they love it for a myriad reasons, it is the real test of its quality that it is the same thing they all love.

Saving What We Can

WE HAVE not read the so-called "Roerich pact" designed to protect works of art in case of another war. But its point of view is evidently an old one, and, one would say, certainly a sound one. In taking exception to it, Mr. Pierre Loving, for instance, seems but to repeat a lofty and unrealistic fallacy. Preparing for war in this way, says Mr. Loving in a hot letter to the Times, is virtually inviting war. More, this preparation will fail of its specific object, since another war will reduce us to a state of barbarism in which artistic relics will have no usefulness or meaning. Finally, and chiefly, there is implied the argument so often heard, that men are of infinitely more worth than works of art, and that to occupy oneself with plans for salvaging the latter is a horrible and indecent denial of this truth. Surely these are strained and unfair conclusions. If any sort of envisaging of war, or recognition of its actuality, is a condonation of it, we should destroy our field-ambulance hospitals and forbid Red Cross nurses to go into training. As for Mr. Loving's final argument, it does cast a light on the fearful anomaly of armed conflict: but a lurid light, not the white light of truth. In any great calamity we save, not what we may wish to, but what we can. Any system of salvage or control, however partial—protection of countrysides, respect for non-combatants, a Truce of God, a Peace of God—is better than none. Whether a possible future war will grind its survivors into primitive atoms, we do not know. But surely the principle is clear. If what is precious and irreplaceable must be lost, why should not what is less precious at least be saved?

Messrs. Hooper and Winchell

READERS of current journalism who are interested in ideas as well as entertainment, know that the correspondence columns are often more valuable than the other departments of the papers and magazines perused by them. Written by people who obviously feel that they must speak out, men and women who have been strongly moved by thoughts or opinions which it is not their professional duty to express, and which they are not paid for expressing—these letters possess a vitality and often an importance

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which many journalists and authors far too often do not command. Those editors aiming at influencing public opinion who do not receive many and highly readable letters from their readers may well begin to doubt the value of their journals. While many of these letter writers express themselves but seldom there are others who devote a large amount of energy to this valuable field of publicity. Such a writer is one whose name is familiar to readers throughout the country, Mr. Charles Hooper of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. The Commonweal is only one of many periodicals favored with his interesting comments. Attracted by the frequent appearance of his letters, the editor of that trade organ of the press, the Editor and Publisher, conducted an investigation concerning him, the results of which prove highly interesting. Apparently suspecting that Mr. Hooper was merely a propagandist, the Editor and Publisher "has been thoroughly shamed out of the notion. . . . It appears to be a fact that without pay or hope of earthly reward, he writes letters on current affairs and sends them to newspapers hither and yon, pays his own postage bills, supplies his own copy paper, and that this is his only mission in life." Mr. Hooper's own explanation of his activities is also quoted by Editor and Publisher: "My only purpose is to do good to humanity. The spread of false and dangerous doctrines in our times calls for the disinterested services of men of my type to counteract these evil tendencies. I write to exert an influence and must have plenty of time to think and study."

WE call attention to Mr. Hooper and his activities as a hint to Catholics. Men and women who really write from such a motive as animates this particular amateur need not fear the competition of professional writers, who far too often, through weariness or indifference or merely mercenary motives, are far less worthwhile, even as writers, than the straightforward, clear-thinking, honestly-speaking men and women who have no other motive than to promote the good as they see it. Theirs is a sort of a new Franciscanism of the spirit. By an ironical contrast, the same issue of Editor and Publisher announces the interesting fact that a Mr. Walter Winchell, who, it seems, writes gossip about Broadway celebrities, is paid $121,000 a year for his syndicate articles. A few years ago "he was an inconspicuous vaudeville hoofer whose salary some weeks was $25." Mr. Winchell told Editor and Publisher that he believes himself to be the highest paid newspaper columnist, but that expert on the subject throws a litttle cold water on his joy by doubting "if his income from writing exceeds that of Arthur Brisbane, Will Rogers, O. O. McIntyre or Calvin Coolidge." Well, even so, the letter-writing apostles need not mind the contrast as to financial reward. There still remain a few things for which money is not the measure of value, and the "winged words" of truth are to be numbered among them.

GOLD AND HARD TIMES

POLITICAL facts and personalities enough are in the background of the general upset in Latin America, but the underlying cause may nevertheless be an inscrutable, world-wide economic "depression." When Peru forced Augusto Leguia, its ancient and dictatorial president, to sign his abdication, one era of political action in the land of the Incas apparently reached its close. Señor Leguia had been in virtual control of his country for twenty years, during which time he broke up a sufficient number of estates and obliged a large enough number of Indians to work at road building to earn considerable personal unpopularity. Along with this there went a long story of financial and other activity on the part of the United States; and when times changed and the commercial barometer plunged downward, neighboring Bolivia's revolution set an example far from unattractive. Shortly thereafter a ruler of similar gifts and achievements, Hipolito Irigoyen of Argentina, was routed out of office to the tune of random shots and vociferous shouting. Señor Irigoyen had, to be sure, viewed the United States with eyes utterly his own. Briefly speaking, he hated the colossal republic to the north as much as Carrie Nation detested Old Crow. But the depression came along, the influence of malcontents increased, and a new government has been established. In conformity with good Hispanic custom, soldiers are in control. To date the disturbances have not been noticeably sanguinary. But revolutionary feeling has spread so rapidly to other parts of South America that all the gunpowder has not yet been set off.

Of course the situation is too complex to diagnose at a glance. But doubtless the events do form a part of the general picture of existing depression, so that society can now have a look at visible political results of the malady. We in the United States, though beset with grave unemployment and production problems, nevertheless do not feel what has happened with anything like the same intensity as various foreign lands. Germany is at the moment engaged in a far-flung, violent discussion of finance. The outlook in Great Britain is so dark that economic concerns have virtually crowded other matters out of conversation. Hungary and the majority of south European states have been caught short to an extent which renders all predictions regarding the future improbable. As a consequence the social physicians have set about finding the cause of the ailment, in the hope that some effective remedy may be found. Broadly speaking there are now two main theses. The first, sponsored by leading British economists, does not deny the influence of tariffs and production surpluses but lays chief stress on monetary factors. The second lays most of the responsibility upon overproduction. This is the American, and to some extent, the German view.

That the gold standard is the world's economic arbiter and that it is guilty at present of gross favoritism

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and inefficiency is the charge made in a brilliant article contributed to the London Economist of July 5 by Sir Henry Strakosch. His argument reposes upon an array of facts and figures which cannot be analyzed here but which have awakened the deepest interest. The memorandum advances three main contentions: that gold has appreciated in value 32.1 percent during the past five years, a fact which cannot be explained by appealing to "overproduction"; that gold has been accumulated and sterilized by some countries to the disadvantage of others, France possessing more than 16 percent of the total, while the United States has almost 40 percent; and that the deficiency in the supply of monetary gold in relation to credit requirements became so marked in 1929 that an immediate and disastrous price fall resulted. Sir Henry sums up by saying: "The truth that the gold standard has bound together the civilized world for good or evil in the greatest international partnership known to history, that this partnership, while conferring benefits on each partner, also imposes on them stern duties, and that trangressions by any one partner inflict hardships on the rest, is hardly realized."

Sir Josiah Stamp, writing in the Nation and Athenaeum, endorses these views, although he holds that they had previously been urged by himself and others. A clause in the Dawes Plan had for its purpose insuring Germany against erratic changes in value of gold, and the Bank for International Settlements had been regarded as "the only eventual hope for a satisfactory solution" of the difficulties underlying active international monetary coöperation. But the phenomenon of maladjustment is with us and reveals the unrest-causing fact that "the process of exchange is in some way impeded" so that while there exists a superabundance of goods in many varieties of raw materials as well as a desire to exchange them, the current is mysteriously turned off. If this view is correct, some way must immediately be found of bringing the "buried gold" possessed by France, the United States and Argentina into world circulation. Otherwise yellow coin will be "bid up" until purchasing power is still further reduced.

Americans generally have looked sceptically at this version of the collapse. In a recent address Mr. Richard H. Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange, summarized the prevailing opinions of his countrymen by saying that "overproduction was the basic cause of the depression." The trend of commodity prices throughout the period from 1925 to 1929 was relatively stable. To some extent this stability was based upon equalization of demand and supply, but to some extent also it reposed upon a general tendency to manipulate or fix prices. Meanwhile production costs had been cut, and the surplus earnings were fed back to industry in the form of dividends and improvements. Thus gradually expectation of earnings was pushed to the breaking point, while inventories of unsold goods mounted up. If therefore the prices of commodities had declined gradually during the years under consideration, we should not have been "saving up" all the inevitable decline for the close of last year. At present dividend expectations have largely been discounted, so that many stocks are comparatively speaking cheap on a conservative estimate of their returns. But inventories of industrial stocks, which in practice means not marketed raw materials, are still large while the opportunity for reducing them has decreased owing to curtailed employment.

Undoubtedly much is to be said in favor of this analysis, although many would put it far less simply than Mr. Whitney does. In theory there is no limit to the demand for goods although, owing to displacement, the supply of this or that commodity, wheat for instance, may be excessive. Every one of Mr. Ford's employees, to give an example, might want three automobiles, an eight-room house with two baths, a hundred books and several fur coats. But none of them has enough money to make these purchases. Consequently the factor of wealth distribution is probably the basic influence. This in turn depends upon the utterly mysterious forces of credit and its uses.

The prices of purchasable commodities almost never depend upon the prices of raw materials but depend upon the composite trend of prices and costs—rents, wages, mercantile charges—affixed to the original figure. Undue concentration of credit power would seem to mean lessened distributed ability to buy, regardless of possible accumulation of stocks. If American industry had disbursed still more in wages and less in dividends, the catastrophe might have been staved off. And it follows, by way of a parallel, that if the purchasing power of the world had been less unevenly distributed, the present market tie-up might never have occurred.

The difficulties involved are, of course, obvious. One of the best discussions of the entire situation is to be found in the current bulletin issued by the National City Bank of New York. This is really an endeavor to reconcile the British and the American points of view, although the writer concludes that "there is no tangible evidence that changes in the world's supply of gold have had anything to do with the price disturbance of the last year." The contention is advanced that both the present distribution of gold and the lack of industrial equilibrium are matters "for which nobody can be said to be responsible, except as somebody may be responsible for the war." In general the second may be considered of far greater importance than the first, since goods must pay for goods regardless of the shifting gold supply. Thus it would seem that the depression of the present is one more after-effect of the catastrophic disturbance of 1914. Here again, however, qualifications are in order. The trouble is not so much the war as the social and industrial laissez aller upon which the world has relied for the successful accomplishment of the work of reconstruction.

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THIRTY YEARS AN ANGLO-CATHOLIC

By SELDEN P. DELANY

Dr. Delany's conversion to the Catholic faith has been one of the interesting religious events of the year. For some time previous he had been writing what is virtually a diary of his experience. This will be published soon as Why Rome? by the Dial Press. The Commonweal is fortunately able to print two advance instalments, of which this is the first. It discusses the Anglo-Catholic position and concludes that since "the Roman Catholic Church is the most vigorous and flourishing presentation of the religion of the Gospel" submission to it is therefore logically necessary.—The Editors.

WHY should I at this late date decide that my conscience will not permit me to be content with Anglicanism any longer? Thus have queried some of my friends.

In every life there are all sorts of emotional considerations which make it difficult to formulate an intellectual decision. When one presumably has many years of life in this world before one, it is easy to postpone decisions to a more convenient occasion. As one grows older the need of coming to a decision becomes more pressing. Then too there have always been many people who relied upon me and looked to me for guidance. I did not want to unsettle them. It might throw them back into bleak Protestantism or sheer unbelief. I have now come to feel that, in spite of such possibilities, a spiritual leader or pastor owes it to his followers that he preserve his moral integrity and obey his conscience. They cannot blame him for doing what he believes to be right, especially when there are so many emotional obstacles standing in the way. It can do no permanent harm to any Christians if they are driven seriously to reconsider their religious beliefs and ecclesiastical position, and to make sure that they are neither blinding themselves nor following blind leaders.

Another reason why I have been reluctant to make a change is that I have felt that I had assumed responsibilities to the Catholic movement in the Episcopal Church which I could not without great deliberation cast aside. Although I have no illusion as to my own importance, I know that if any man who is rector of a large city parish of the Episcopal Church should submit to Rome, it might quite conceivably hurt the cause with which he has been associated. For many years I have proceeded on the assumption that God had placed me in the Anglican ministry and was counting on me to help develop the Catholic movement, so that some day the whole membership of the Anglican Church might be Catholic in convictions and practices, and then reunion with the rest of Catholic Christendom could soon become a reality.

Many things have happened during recent years to make me doubt the wisdom and truth of that assumption. I suppose the simplest explanation is that I have become disillusioned and discouraged with Anglo-Catholicism. It is not making any headway. It is seriously divided into the two camps of the pro-Romans and the Liberal Catholics. In England the movement has slumped badly since the failure to put through the revision of the Book of Common Prayer. The proposed new Prayer Book brought to light the cleavage that had long existed among Anglo-Catholics. Many of them welcomed the new book as a distinct improvement in a Catholic direction; while many others regarded it as a calamity because of its changes in the Communion Office and its restrictions on the devotional use of the Reserved Sacrament. In the American Episcopal Church the authorities are suspicious of the Catholic movement; and many of the younger clergy, who have been trained in the seminaries to carry on their ministry along Catholic lines, find it difficult to obtain positions. Except for a few large parishes in the cities, the clergy of Catholic convictions are everywhere hampered and restricted by their vestries or bishops, though perhaps to a lesser degree than their brethren in England. In my own parochial and editorial work I have felt increasingly that I was walking back and forth in a blind alley, out of touch with the main flow of life in the Episcopal Church. The religious orders are distrusted by the majority of the clergy and laity, and in consequence are gaining few recruits. There are many calls for them to take charge of broken-down parishes, or to engage in slum work or missionary enterprises that the married clergy dare not touch; but they are unable to respond to most of these calls because their numbers are so small. In the earlier part of my life as a priest, I thought there were many parishes and dioceses in the American Episcopal Church where the Catholic movement was carrying all before it. I knew them only from the outside. Now my eyes are open to the facts.

Moreover I have come to feel differently about its being my vocation to reform the Anglican Church, or even that small section of it known as the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. I have never forgotten those words of Dr. Kinsman in his Salve Mater: "It is certainly a great relief to exchange the task of trying to reform the Church—the necessary effort for all who hold my former point of view—for the simpler one of letting the Church try to reform me!" That strikes the note of real Christian humility. It cannot but engender in the Anglo-Catholic clergy an unwholesome pride for them to think that they alone are walking in the right path, and that the mass of the clergy and laity of their Church are groping blindly in the dark forest of Protestantism.

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If Anglo-Catholics used only the services prescribed in the Prayer Book, and regarded them as sufficiently suitable forms for Catholic worship, they might be tolerated. That was the view of the Prayer Book which I held for many years, as is evident in the chapters which I wrote in The Religion of the Prayer Book, in collaboration with Dr. Barry. Subsequently, under the insistent pressure of our pro-Roman brethren, and impelled by the fear of being called old-fashioned, amiably desirous also of pleasing our constituents, many of us have shifted our position. The more advanced of the younger clergy of the Catholic movement now act on the quite probable assumption that the Prayer Book is inadequately Catholic and marred by Protestant blemishes. Therefore they splint it and bandage it with interpolations from the Roman Mass, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Litany of the Saints, the rosary, the Mass of the Presanctified, the veneration of the cross, and so on to an ever-increasing degree.

The successful passage from infancy into maturity depends, so the psychiatrists tell us, on the breaking up and reconstruction of those habits which were appropriate only to our earliest experience. Anglo-Catholics often act like childish adults who are making a fuss over their environment. They do not like the Episcopal Church as it is, so they employ all their energies in making it something that it is not. A normally matured adult tries rather to adapt himself to reality. The Protestant Episcopal Church is a reality —quite wooden, stiff and conservative. The Roman Catholic Church is likewise a reality—always teaching dogmatically the old faith, but adapting herself slowly through the centuries to the changing needs of men. If one wants a refined, liturgical and socially irreproachable Protestantism, one can find it in the Protestant Episcopal Church. If one wants a developed and practical Catholicism, one can find it anywhere in the world in that vast ecclesiastical organization whose centre is at Rome in the see of Peter.

The position therefore that I have maintained for many years, that it is God's will that I should do my small part in trying to Catholicize the Anglican communion and thus bring her finally to reunite with the apostolic see of the West, seems to me now one that is tainted with pride and rendered futile by its childishness. Why did I not see this before? I do not know, unless it was because I did not want to run the risk of disturbing my emotionally comfortable state of life. It is alarmingly easy to deceive ourselves, and thus to remain convinced that our aims are irreproachable.

Perhaps my change of heart may be explained in the terms of adaptation. The conviction has been growing in me every year that I am in conflict with the prevailing trends of religion and thought in my environment. I am certainly out of sympathy with Liberal Protestantism, which is the dominant religious force outside the Church of Rome in that part of America in which my lot has been cast. Clergymen like Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Dr. Robert Norwood, Dr. Walter Russell Bowie, Dr. Karl Reiland, Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins, Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Dr. Howard Mellish, Bishop Lawrence, Bishop Slattery, Bishop Stires—to say nothing of the rich and influential laymen who stand behind them—undoubtedly represent the popular cast of religious thought and feeling in the social milieu with which I am familiar. They are all Liberal Protestants. My religious convictions have very little in common with theirs, although I have always found them delightful companions and courteously tolerant of my theological views. Fundamentalist Protestantism appeals to me even less than Liberal Protestantism. Anglo-Catholics represent but a tiny and almost negligible fraction of the forces of American Protestantism. They are commonly regarded as an eccentric, stubborn and amusing group that does not carry much weight in the ecclesiastical world.

My sympathies are with Catholicism rather than with Protestantism. The fact of contemporary religious life in America compel me to identify Catholicism with the Roman Catholic Church. The same facts force me to the conclusion that Protestantism is decadent and in process of dissolution. The Reverend Charles Stelze, speaking recently before 100 ministers at the New York Advertising Club, declared that only 6 percent of the population of New York City are members of the Protestant Church—whatever that is. He urged them to unite in advertising "the Church." He might better have advised them to try to come to some agreement as to what there is in Protestantism that is worth advertising. The Roman Catholic Church does not have to advertise, as its churches are filled to overflowing six or seven times every Sunday morning. Let Protestant ministers advertise whatever it is that Protestantism has to offer the public that Rome cannot offer. Perhaps they might agree on such features as free admission, services in English, eloquent and sensational sermons, extempore prayer by the minister, the absence of ceremonial, cushioned pews instead of hard kneeling-benches, dispensation from confession, freedom to believe as you like, beautiful anthems by the choir, the congregational singing of popular hymns, and so on.

One of my friends tried to persuade me to remain content with Anglicanism by the following argument:

> Everyone knows that Anglican ecclesiastical conditions are something of a mess. But they are part of life, and all life is messy in this day and generation. Some of us are fond enough of Anglicanism to bear with it; or we feel it is a better, because a more accustomed, natural way for us to express ourselves spiritually; or we are so involved in it through our responsibilities that we *cannot* leave it. Do you or do you not think our orders are valid, and our sacraments real sacraments? That to my mind is the real question, and not the Papacy. Given valid sacraments, we can live the Catholic life, no matter whether we are in communion with Rome and the Pope

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> or not, and no matter how shaky our ecclesiastical discipline, or how weak our authority. Even in the lowest Protestant Episcopal church—if we should be stuck in such a parish—we could live the Catholic life if we could make our communions. Would you be prepared to say that you had never celebrated a real Mass or given a real absolution?

In answer to this plausible presentation of the Anglican position, I should say that it is quite possible that Anglicans have valid orders and that their sacraments are real. To me however the crux of the matter is the Papacy. Did Our Lord create His Church, not only with an apostolic ministry, but with one apostle, Saint Peter, as the prince and leader of the apostolic college? If so, we must be in communion with the see of Peter. Dr. St. George, professor of ecclesiastical history at Nashotah House in Wisconsin, said in my hearing many years ago that it all hinged on the Papacy. If we believed in the Pope, we should become Roman Catholics; if we did not, we should remain Anglicans. There can be no doubt about the validity of the orders of the eastern Orthodox Churches. The question at issue is whether they are justified in their separation from the apostolic see. That can be determined only by a study of the origins of the eastern schism. To me the one question of importance is, what kind of Church did Our Lord establish? I have no doubt that it was a Church in which the apostles were the chief ministers, and that the bishops of the primitive Church were the successors of the apostles. But that is not all. If any fact stands out strikingly in the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, it is that Saint Peter was the chief of the apostles, and was so regarded by Our Lord Himself. If our Saviour was building His Church for all time, and not throwing together simply a temporary expedient, the assumption is strong that the successors of Saint Peter in the Roman see are by divine ordering the administrative heads of the Church. In that case, we have no more right to eliminate the Papacy from the constitution of the Catholic Church, than Protestants have had to discard the episcopate. I have never been impressed with the Anglican argument that the primacy and supremacy of the Pope are merely *de jure ecclesiastico,* and not *de jure divino,* because the papal claims rest on Our Lord's commission to Saint Peter. But even if the powers of the Pope had been given him by the Church, rather than by Our Lord, those who believe that the development of the Church is guided by the Holy Ghost would still have to accept the Papacy. Otherwise they would have to assume that the Holy Ghost misguided the Church for the first thousand years of her history.

As to the validity of Anglican orders and the people to whom I have ministered, I have never doubted that the sacraments they have received in good faith, and their other acts of devotion, have been effectual means of grace to them. I could not believe that God would not give His grace to all who diligently seek Him, and conscientiously make use of the best means they know for coming into union with Him. That is why there have been godly and heroic souls in every religion.

Another paragraph from the letter quoted above sums up the difficulty very well:

> I can see that it is all much harder from the priest's point of view. I should never want to convert anyone to Anglo-Catholicism. Because I have been born in it, I want—at present—to go on in it; but I should not want to drag anyone else into an unsatisfactory religious situation. I should advise Roman Catholicism if they were attracted to Catholicism in some form. But of course that is just what priests have to do—convert people and keep the Church going.

Precisely. An Anglo-Catholic clergyman must try to convert people to Anglo-Catholicism. If he begins to feel that Anglo-Catholicism is losing ground in the Anglican Church, and is a negligible factor in the religious forces of the modern world, and there is increasing evidence in contemporary history that the Roman Catholic Church is the most vigorous and flourishing presentation of the religion of the Gospel, he is inevitably driven to the conclusion that he must make his submission to Rome.

The Protestant Episcopal Church, as I see it now, is a heterogenous conglomeration of clergy and laity, each of whom is individualistic in his religious beliefs and practices. The "yardstick" by which their ecclesiastical status is to be measured is the degree of their approximation to the religion of Rome. Sooner or later everyone becomes dissatisfied with bare Episcopalianism and borrows—by whatever intermediary—some belief or practice from Roman Catholicism: lights, vestments, incense, reservation of the Sacrament, the sign of the cross, the bowing of the head at the Holy Name, genuflections, the invocation of saints, the rosary, the Hail Mary, the Angelus, the Stations of the Cross, retreats, adoration, confession, communion in one kind, the Breviary offices, the Immaculate Conception, transubstantiation, the primacy of the Pope, papal infallibility. Some Anglicans accept all of them, others only a few of them. They are all at various stages on the road to Rome.

The case for Rome keeps coming back at us like a medicine ball. We may handle it successfully many times and hurl it away from us with determination. There may come a time when it bowls us over. Mr. G. K. Chesterton says somewhere that it has been the experience of many who have joined the Roman Catholic Church that they have first gone through many moments of disturbance, from which they emerged, satisfied to remain where they were; but one day the conviction of the truth of the Roman position became so overwhelming that they could not avoid making their submission. That has been largely my experience. Many a time in my ministry I have felt the attraction of Rome, but I got over it. Now it is different. This is no passing fancy. I have lost my heart!

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STATISTICS

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THERE is an old and true jest which says that there are three kinds of lies, bad, worse and worst, and there these are lies, damned lies and statistics. The reason this joke is true is that statistics can be generally used to convince people of a falsehood.

If you tell people common lies (such, for instance, as telling the workmen in one of our great industrial towns that they lead happier lives than peasants) you may put it plainly, as a bald lie intended to dope your victim into a false content; or you may embellish the remark with a quantity of illustration and fine language to persuade him the more and then your lie may properly be called a damned lie—for in the evil you are doing you are showing a zeal which has a diabolical touch about it. But if you actually convince the man of what looks like the plain proof of figures, if you show him by comparative tables that he *must* be happier because he consumes more of this or that or has more money or what not, then you are telling the worst lie of all, which is the lie of statistics.

The way the statistical lie works is this. You take for granted a certain false principle. You don't attempt to prove it if your victim is already poisoned by it. If he is not you suggest it by implying it. Then you show that, according to this false first principle, certain figures prove your conclusion. You leave out other figures which would destroy your conclusion—and there you are.

For instance, in the example I just gave, you produce statistics to show that the town workman must be happier because he travels over more ground, gets a daily paper every morning, goes to movies. You can give any amount of perfectly true figures to show that all that is true; but you are suggesting the first principle that cinemas, daily papers and moving the body about in mechanical vehicles are the three things that build up the happiness of the human soul. Meanwhile you leave out the other statistics, statistics on the purity of the air that is breathed, or the proportion of artificial chemical foods eaten by the town workman and the peasant; statistics of suicide, of death from drink; statistics of lack of work, of variety in work—and any number of other differences all telling in favor of the peasant.

One of the very worst forms of statistical lying is flattering a diseased population by telling them that they are physically healthy (and we may note, by the way, that statistics are used half the time to bolster up self-congratulation and pride). Thus nothing is commoner than to have the average length of life set down as a test of health. Of course there is a connection between the two things. Other things being equal a healthy man will live longer than an unhealthy one. But other things never are equal. There are a hundred things to be remembered besides that simple proposition. A very active, healthy and robust population may be slightly shorter lived than a dull, slow population, which is not therefore healthier.

Then again, you must consider the kind of things that kill off men. For instance, in the middle ages, the wealthier laymen had much shorter lives than modern wealthy laymen; but then they spent their time riding about in all weathers to administer the country, they were perpetually engaged in arms, sleeping rough and taking long marches and carrying heavy armor. They ran the risk of violent death continually, and often received it. A modern wealthy man does not live that kind of life—far from it! To conclude that such a man as William the Conqueror was less robust than a banking magnate of today passing his ninetieth year on the Riviera, would be a triumph of statistics.

The disease of statistics is also part of our general modern disease of going in everything by measurement. The most important things cannot be measured. You feel the difference between good and evil, happiness and unhappiness, beauty and ugliness; you feel degrees in beauty and happiness or their opposites, but you can't say John is 11.62 percent happier than Harry. You cannot say that this landscape is exactly three times more beautiful than that. There is a pestilent modern notion that unless you can measure things exactly you do not know them. The truth is, however, just the other way: you know most certainly things which you cannot measure.

You cannot intimately know anything by mere measurement. That is why, by the way, one has to be so very careful of what are called religious statistics. Out of 100 people, thirty may set down on a bit of paper that they are of such and such a religion: "30 percent" goes down in the statistics. But the three things which here matter socially can't be put down as statistics, which are the degree in which the religion is believed, the degree in which it is exercised, and the effect which it has, even when faith in it is partly lost, upon character.

In Germany just before the Reformation statistics would have given you a population of 100 percent Catholic. Statistics give you in modern Ireland a percentage about one-third lower. But Germany in the early sixteenth century was ripe for a great revolt against the Faith; modern Ireland, on the contrary, is the most Catholic of all nations.

Are we then not to use statistics? Of course we must use them. We are bound in duty to use all forms of knowledge available to us. But we must use them in the right way, that is, confining them strictly to the information that they convey and not falling into the error of thinking that information is complete.

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Common sense is enough to warn us against innumerable errors in the use of statistics, but there is one which I think ought to be emphasized beyond all others, and that is the use of the average. It is hopelessly misleading. There is a sardonic saying about two men one of whom was struck by lightning, whereupon the survivor mused that upon the average they were both half dead. This use of the average falsifies the great bulk of half the social statistics used to prove falsehoods about society. The use of the average really only applies where the thing on which you are taking statistics is evenly spread over the whole of society. And even then it is not a sure guide.

I am not sure that the best use of statistics is not the following: Upon hearing the statistics of anything, treat the statement negatively and critically at once. Ask yourself what may have been left out; what other statistics have not been told. Ask yourself whether the conclusion arrived at does not clash with your general experience (as it usually does) and if so, mistrust it. Ask yourself what elements not measurable are implied in the situation. Such an attitude of mind leads to no direct conclusion but it breeds a healthy doubt, and a healthy doubt on current statements is nowadays perhaps the best mental habit one can cultivate.

Our civilization may be gradually getting rid of its old confidence in false teaching; it seems like doing so; whether it is really doing so or not; only the future can show. But at any rate there is enough of false teaching left to merit perpetual examination and rebuttal, and the worst of it works through statistics.

CAN ONE DRINK AND BE MORAL?

By ROBERT L. McWILLIAMS

DOES the violation of the Volstead Act involve and imply moral turpitude? This question has been troubling the courts for some time. As yet, they have come to no unanimous conclusion on the subject. The matter is of considerable practical importance, arising as it does in various situations. Thus, a conviction of an offense may entail a greater punishment if the offense be one involving moral turpitude or, as the idea is also phrased, if it is regarded as malum per se, or evil in itself, and not merely malum prohibitum, or forbidden.

The question recently arose in the courts of North Dakota. A defendant had pleaded guilty to a charge of engaging in the liquor traffic. He had on two prior occasions been convicted on felony charges. A statute of the state provides that if a person commits a felony after having been convicted of two prior felonies, his punishment shall be increased. However, there is a provision in the law that the additional penalty shall not be imposed in the case of offenses which do not involve moral turpitude. The question presented to the court therefore was whether the offense of which the defendant had been last convicted involved moral turpitude. The question was answered by the Supreme Court of that state in the affirmative. The court pointed out that the meaning of the phrase has varied in the past and that acts which at one time were regarded as merely mala prohibita were today regarded as mala per se, or inherently evil. Hence, said the court, for practical purposes some standard must be adopted for the determination of the question when it presents itself in a concrete form. The standard adopted by the court was "public sentiment—the expression of the public conscience." The court admitted that this standard might change and that the majority might become the minority, but said:

> So long as it is established, measurement must be made according to its terms. So we must say that those things which are discountenanced and regarded as evil and accordingly forbidden by society are immoral and that the doing of them contrary to the sentiment of society thus expressed involves moral turpitude, and this regardless of the punishment imposed for their doing.

The answer to the question appeared less difficult to the Supreme Court of North Dakota because, as it pointed out, for more than forty years and since the birth of the state, the traffic in intoxicating liquors and their manufacture and sale for beverage purposes had been prohibited by the state constitution.

The same conclusion was reached by the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, but with a strong dissenting opinion. The act there complained of was the transportation of intoxicating liquor in violation of the national prohibition act. The fact that the defendant was a retired police officer may have been the deciding factor in the mind of the court, since, as the court explained:

> There is no hard and fast rule as to what constitutes moral turpitude. It cannot be measured by the nature or character of the offense, unless, of course, it be an offense, inherently criminal, the very commission of which implies a base and depraved nature. The circumstances attendant upon the commission of the offense usually furnish the best guide. For example, an assault and battery may involve moral turpitude on the part of the assailant in one case and not in another.

The defendant had taken an oath to support and defend the constitution when he entered the police service as a policeman. Under the circumstances, two of the judges, who constituted the majority of the court, concluded that the defendant's act involved moral turpitude. The remaining member of the court could

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not agree with this conclusion. He referred to the time-honored distinction made by the law profession in classifying criminal offenses, in the following language:

> Crimes have been divided, according to their nature, into crimes mala in se and crimes mala prohibita. The former class comprises those acts which are immoral or wrong in themselves, such as murder, rape, arson, burglary, and larceny, breach of the peace, forgery, and the like while the latter class comprises those acts to which, in the absence of statute, no moral turpitude attaches, and which are crimes only because they have been prohibited by statute.

This same justice, in his dissenting opinion, also commented on the fact that the act of which the defendant had been convicted was but a misdemeanor, and concluded as follows:

> Had Congress intended a violation of the Volstead Act to be within the class of crimes involving moral turpitude, it would have affixed a penalty commensurate with such intent; but it adopted exactly the opposite course.

A similar question was presented to one of our federal courts sitting in Nebraska. The particular question there involved was whether an attorney-at-law who pleaded guilty to making beer in his home which he was in the habit of serving to his guests, was subject to disbarment for the commission of an act involving moral turpitude. The trial court answered the question in the affirmative and ordered the attorney suspended from practice for a period of three years. An appeal was taken. The Circuit Court of Appeals concluded that the action taken by the trial court was erroneous and vacated the order made. One of the justices adopted as the basis of his opinion the reasoning in the dissenting opinion in the District of Columbia case just considered.

Referring to the argument that attorneys take an oath to support the constitution, he pointed out that that fact did not impose any greater obligation upon them in the matter involved than it did upon any other citizen:

> His profession necessarily gives him a better understanding of the organic law than others may have, but his oath is an official oath and it binds him only in his official action. When not so engaged, he stands on the same plane as other citizens, no higher, no lower, no different in legal rights and obligations.

Judge Kenyon wrote a concurring opinion. As he pointed out:

> The Eighteenth Amendment prohibits the manufacture of intoxicating liquor, as well as the sale. It is a matter of general knowledge, however, that intoxicating liquors are made in many of the homes of the country for the use of the family and guests, and not for sale. That is of course a violation of law—a crime malum prohibitum, not malum in se.

He concluded that there had been a technical violation of his oath by the respondent, but that under the circumstances to be shown a reprimand by the court would have been adequate punishment, and on that ground concurred in the judgment of reversal.

Judge Kenyon called attention to the decision of the Supreme Court of Arkansas in a case in which a physician had been charged with unlawfully selling intoxicating liquors. A statute of the state provided for the revocation of the license of any physician who was convicted of an act involving moral turpitude. The Supreme Court of Arkansas held that the act charged did not involve moral turpitude. It pointed out that according to a well-known treatise on the law of intoxicating liquors, offenses against the liquor laws, such as the illegal sale of intoxicants, are statutory crimes and not punishable at common law; that they are "merely mala prohibita," as there is no inherent immorality in such acts and their illegality lies only in the fact of their being positively prohibited.

The Supreme Court of Alabama has likewise been unable to reach the conclusion that the illegal manufacture of intoxicating liquors involves moral turpitude. It was there held that those words refer to something inherently immoral regardless of the fact that the act in question is punishable by law. As the Supreme Court of that state has said:

> The doing of the act itself and not its prohibition by statute fixes the moral turpitude.

The Supreme Court of Connecticut refused to follow the holding of the Alabama court. Its reasoning in the case in which the question was passed upon, was as follows:

> If one who gives aid to the enemy of his country in time of war is guilty of moral turpitude, how may we distinguish the man who in time of peace, by his deliberate course, helps to destroy the constitution. It is indeed true that many do not see or feel that the violation of the liquor law is undermining the most vital of all our governmental institutions, the constitution of the United States. Opinions may differ as to the wisdom of the law, but there can be no such difference as to the duty of the citizen. Courts will not look at violations of that law with easy disregard of the baseness of the act, the unchecked effect of which is fraught with so serious a public evil, and is so destructive of the people's regard for the law of the land.

It is evident that the courts are far from unanimous in their conclusions on the subject. This is probably inevitable in view of the character of the legislation which gives rise to the question under consideration. Possibly the words of one of the great jurists of modern times, the late Sir Paul Vinogradoff, though not expressed with reference to the problem under discussion, may tend to clarify the subject:

> Law is clearly distinguishable from morality. The object of law is the submission of the individual to the will of organized society, while the tendency of morality is to subject the individual to the dictates of his own conscience.

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Places and Persons

THE PRESENT OF FUTURISM

By HARVEY WICKHAM

I DO not know whether this is the anniversary, subcentenary, or anything of the sort, of the birth, death or triumph of Filippo Tommaso Marinetti. But I seem of late to be coming upon his name and theories everywhere—theories more often than name, of course, yet name often enough, too. It has even found its way into Sisley Huddleston's Europe in Zigzags, in the Italian Section under Futurism.

Marinetti, of course, is no longer futurism. What is? Nothing save the inarticulate. By the time anything has been discerned and exploited, it has already slipped from the future into the past, and—oh horror of all horrors most to be dreaded!—has begun to date. I wonder if one of the reasons why so many prophets come to grief is not the fact that the war is over before they begin to draft their troops, that what they say is going to happen has already proved itself to be that which failed to happen. One of the penalties of being always up to date is that one is then always behind the times. If we live for time as well as in it, refusing to lay hold of that eternal verity over which it sweeps, we shall learn that time's revenges are not only malicious but whimsical. He that regardeth the clouds—or the clock—shall not prosper.

If Marinetti refuses to date, if Marinettism continues to prosper, it must be because he plunged so deeply into the stream of contemporary folly that he actually reached to something seriously bad, to that permanently evil, which in its steadfast opposition to the very essence of the good makes a paradoxical eternity out of the sheer exaggeration of its own ephemeral nature—like a wheel which moves so fast that it seems to be standing still. Or it may be that Marinetti was only the prince of wags. There was certainly something waggish in the way he once dominated the cafés of Paris, overwhelming all other wisecrackers by the racket of his table-beating fists and incredible Italian lung-power. For before he was the apostle of futurism, before that tactilism which was his most ingenious contribution to the pre-Joyce world, Marinetti was the apostle of noise.

I said that he did not date. Is not noise the eternal enemy in his most eternal form? Perhaps not. There is a quiet which precedes the storm, and when children are quiet they are proverbially plotting mischief. When the plot comes off, however, there is an explosion, a row, a deafening clamor. For noise is the implacable foe of thought, and not to think is certainly the beginning of unwisdom.

Everybody knows how completely noise has become the hero of the day. Who can listen to a still small voice in the vicinity of a loud-speaker? And who can get beyond the loud-speaker's fearful range? Machinery makes a noise. The shrieks of the victims, whether of Baal or of science, make a noise; and we must needs make a yet louder noise not to hear them. So Marinetti bade us make a noise, and he set the example—whether it was a noise like Dada, or a chromatic noise like the cubists, or the super-accoustical noises of surrealism, was not the point. We were not to hide our drumsticks under a bushel. Nor was this a joyful noise unto the Lord.

Long before Marinetti, it had been discovered that in the evolution of orchestral instruments the law at work was the survival of the loudest. "Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum," says Browning, "tootle te tootle the fife"—and were it not so shrill, it had long since been all over with the fife. Marinetti found the orchestra in the merely accoustical bang-whang-whang stage. He sought to leave it in the stage of colliding trolley cars, filing saws, steam riveters, boiler factories, and a host of other instruments of music which quiet old King Nebuchadnezzar knew not of. If only all kinds of noise could be brought together at once—and what is to hinder?—the danger of those rests, those chasms of eternity and silence which yawn even in the most vociferous scores of Wagner and Strauss, not only between beats and between parts, but in all those unawakened vibrations between the tones of even the chromatic scale, could be avoided. Marinetti sought to stun, not in metaphor but with a black-jack.

All this sounded very like nonsense—at the time of it. But it went. It goes. The old music was never more than a single-ringed circus. You could both see and hear what was going on. Our philosophical Barnum perceived that by merely multiplying the rings all this seeing and hearing could be stopped. Thinking would be stopped. And what would be left? Why, tactilism, of course.

Tactilism is nothing but the worship of the sense of touch, the most ancient, the most primitive, the most universal of all the body's five wits. Doctors keep talking about the damage which the noise of our streets does to our nerves. They do not seem to realize that this damage, as they call it, is exactly what is being sought. When sound sinks to music it is transformed by the magic of an ear-drum into something which soothes the savage breast. It so happens, however, that the savage breast does not care for soothing—which is the same as being put to sleep and done away with as a savage. It wants to be spurred to action. Noise does it. The ear-drum is a snobbish, aristocratic appendage, anyway. Not everything has it. Speaking broadly, it is not proletarian nor according to Marx.

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But everything has nerves of a sort; and if it hasn't, its whole body quivers and answers every purpose. Even monads will shake to a sufficient earthquake. So à bas the ear-drum and eviva the super-bassdrum—thunder, lightning, T.N.T. and its more modern and as yet secret descendants. A noise which shakes the earth has already become tactilistic.

We are now ready to get our touch sensations more directly and with less effort. Marinetti proposed that the "auditors" at concerts should sit and let ribbons, or ropes, or something such, be drawn through their hands. He believed in touching hemp where others had believed only in touching wood. He was the advocate of sandpaper, of heat, cold, wetness, dryness. He spoke of tactile divans, pillows, beds—aye, even of tactile shirts, though of hairshirts he seems never to have heard. It was not mortification but enjoyment of which Marinetti was in search.

Of course this was not new. If it had been it would now be old, and forgotten. So he made a hit—or should I say a touch? He moved even our most horny-handed philosophers. Is it not notorious that Professor Alfred North Whitehead, for example, is able to attach the sense of reality only to the sense of touch?

Men not calling themselves futurists, or even modernists, have cultivated curious touch-fads ere now. Collectors of jade love to handle their treasures for the voluptuous pleasure of their cultivated finger-tips. It is recognized as almost a disease, a mild and harmless if expensive mania. The poet of the Rendezvous with Death spoke of touching fur as one of the delights which it was difficult to forego, a prospective loss which helped to make death itself more bitter than it otherwise was. And surely touch is the greatest because most fundamental blessing to which the flesh is heir. But why should the modernist wish to deify it, to halt short of the other and later four, to reduce us all to the Braille system, as if blindness were a consummation devoutly to be wished? And why should he at the same time scoff at those softer touches in which poets long have reveled?

The first why is answered by saying that the other senses lead gradually to the appreciation of things so little sensual that the mind alone finds much use for them. There is little voluptuous pleasure in seeing. A little more in hearing—in mere hearing, I mean, without regard to such meanings as may be attached to what we hear. Tasting, however, is hardly an intellectual pleasure, notwithstanding the vast amount of intelligence required of a good cook. The sense of smell is frankly provocative. And touch—ah! We come at last to the secret of Marinetti's popularity. It is the sense of passion. We are at last in the green pastures of sex. And as love may lead us beside the still waters and make our cup run over with fulness of normal life, so something which is not love may lead us into the shadows of the valley of spiritual death.

But why, to take up the second why in its turn—why then this futuristic scorn for velvet and softness? Why hate the concord of sweet sounds, and despise sweet bells unless they be carefully jangled out of tune? Is not music then the food of love? Not of such love as this. For here be lovers the very fibres of whose lust is coarsened. They may be stirred only by the harsh, the brutal, the monstrous. And as, being weak, they sin mostly in imagination only, the stirring must be by art, which beats and drags them roughly about as it were by the hair. Marinetti, who was not weak, hurried to war in sheer delight at the opportunity of getting his music first hand from the artillery, his tactilic sensations there in the rending of the flesh of others, and even in the contemplation of the possible rending of his own.

His parlor disciples do not follow him thus far. They do not have his inner honesty—what, as I have hinted, may have been but his waggishness which hid, mayhap, a perfectly good fellow beneath a playful mask of reductio ad absurdums. I do not presume to judge him. Yet sometimes—as a reaction from excessive charity, perhaps—I fear the worst.

"He declared himself," says Huddleston, "especially hostile to all the paraphernalia of fatal women, moonlight, memories, nostalgia, eternity, immortality, picturesqueness, solitude, twilight, ruins, pessimism and that patina which he called the filth of time."

Yes, he did laugh at humbug. But what did he offer in its place? Even time, whose praises he so loudly extolled, he could not bear when past. The treasures deposited along its shores he saw only as filth.

> Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum,
> Tootle te tootle the fife
> Oh, a day in the city square!
> There is no such pleasure in life.

Not, certainly, in any such life as that recommended by Filippo Tommaso Marinetti.

Desertion

Owl, what is odd about the night?
What is that thorny, sailing light?
But the owl turned guarded eyes.

Sparrow, what are you hiding from me,
And what are you doing out of your tree?
But the sparrow looked cold and wise.

Hare, what were you whispering?
Tell your brother what news you bring.
But the hare flashed a frosty scut.

Snail, and I thought you were my friends!
Where are you looping, and on what ends?
But the snail shrank into its hut.

He followed the sparrow, the owl, the hare,
But past the gap he did not dare,
For an angel was its span.

Back he came pent-lipped and sore,
His old hoofs dragging more and more—
"But I saw the Child," said Pan.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

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CLASSROOMS OF A SAINT

By C. A. SIMONA

BLESSED JOHN BOSCO himself has called his educational method a "preventive system." This definition, as we shall see, does not by any means indicate its essential and specific difference from other Christian systems, but it offers a valuable starting-point for analysis. Don Bosco wrote:

> The systems ever used in the education of youths are two, the preventive and the repressive. The repressive system consists in making the subjects acquainted with the law, then watching to find out its transgressors in order to inflict on them an adequate punishment. Under this system the superior's words and aspect must be severe and rather threatening and he must avoid all familiarity with his dependants.
>
> The director, in order to keep his authority up, must very rarely see his subjects, and generally appear among them only when he must inflict or threaten a punishment. This system is easy, not very irksome for the superior, and useful, especially in the army and generally speaking among grown-ups who are obliged to know and to remember what conforms to the law and its prescriptions.
>
> Totally different and (I may more properly say) opposed to the repressive system is the preventive system.
>
> It essentially consists in making the rules of any given institute to its inmates and then watching in such a fashion that the vigilant eye of the director and his assistants be continually over them so as to guide them by means of kindly advice and paternal corrections, all of which is tantamount to saying: "Placing the pupils in the impossibility of transgressing." This system is based on reason, religion and love. Therefore it excludes any and all violent punishments and it aims at doing away with even the lighter punishments.

Don Bosco really summarizes his thoughts and defines the preventive system in a short phrase of eight words: "Placing the pupils in the impossibility of transgressing." This definition, although negative, is both clear and characteristic. From it anyone can see at a glance how inexact is the oft-repeated statement that makes Don Bosco the inventor of the preventive system, sic et simpliciter. Such a statement is historically false; Don Bosco himself made no such claim.

All the great tradition of Christian pedagogy has followed this system of placing the child practically in the impossibility of sinning, by carefully shielding him from the occasion of sin and by helping him with a variety of means to practise the virtues of the Gospel. We call this tradition great, as it includes the saints, founders, institutors and educators who have won distinction in the ranks of Christianity.

Side by side with the great tradition which originated in the Gospel and had such an immense development, we find the tradition of the repressive system which is represented by the civil, political, economic, military educators and governors, and also by a few religious educators. The repressive method has taken on enormous proportions in our modern society, a society which, since the French Revolution, has ceased to be Christian in its political and educational tenets.

In the liberal and socialistic modern society the repressive system (although to a certain extent fought against and forbidden by law) is still the dominant system. And here we must make a point clear. No one should fall into the error of believing that the characteristic note of the repressive system is physical punishment. Its characteristic note is its utter indifference for the moral and Christian development of the pupil. The huge army of modern teachers and educators explicitly or implicitly follow such a method.

They do not care whether the pupil is really moral and good, whether he does or does not commit sin, whether he practises the Gospel and God's law. All they require is that he be exteriorly disciplined and correct, that he perform his duty, obey the laws and rules, if not at all times and with a sincere heart, at least when he is seen by the superior and when for the sake of general order he is expected to do so. Failure to comply with these requirements will be visited with a punishment proportionately severe and violent as the transgression was publicly noticed. Hence the justice of the statement that modern teachers and educators, taken by and large, cannot in any real sense of the term be called Christian.

There is a peremptory order given to all Christians: "Unicuique mandavit deus de proximo suo." It is everybody's business to endeavor to bring about his neighbor's spiritual salvation, that is his neighbor's moral and spiritual development; and if it is everybody's duty, it is particularly the duty of educators!

Naturally those modern educators who do not accept the Gospel as their guide have no interest in the development of the moral conscience of the pupil, and their advocacy of the repressive system is easily explainable. However it is a harder task to give a plausible excuse for the presence of this method in Christian and Catholic institutions. Some explanation of the anomaly may be found in the facility with which order and discipline are thereby procured, and also in the failure of certain educators to see in each of their pupils a moral and Christian personality. Let us add that such an anomaly derives also from a pitiable ignorance as to what true moral virtue and Christian life are and, above all, from lack of genuine zeal, lack of faith in the Gospel and lack of love for God.

Do you want to educate? Then you must be very strict. Your words must be few. The boy must walk straight; if he does not, he must be made to. A strong hand will do the trick. Boys are to be tamed

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with the whip. This is the method, the best method, the only method to obtain quick and lasting results. Thus reason the followers of the repressive system. This does not mean that they deny the boy amusement, relaxation and liberty. These are human necessities, and our modern non-Christian educators admit them and even exaggerate them. But in their view, amusements are considered as a relaxation and not as a means of fostering morality and virtue.

However, there is many an oasis in this desert. Arrayed against modern non-Christian life and culture, and also against that body of Christian educators who advocate the repressive system, stand the immense, flourishing, serried ranks of religious institutes, from Saint Basil's to Saint Ignatius's, from Saint Benedict's to Blessed John Bosco's, all of them preferring and practising the preventive system.

The preventive system is the only method that is essentially evangelical and Christian; hence, I repeat, it is not exact to make it the exclusive product of Salesian tradition. All the great Christian institutions that make a specialty of forming and educating youngsters, or more properly all the saintly founders of such institutions, have adopted its letter and spirit. All have bent their efforts to keep their charges away from the occasions of sin by having them use those means which revelation and reason, nature and supernatural grace, place at their disposal.

Don Bosco was not the inventor of this system. But he was the inventor of one particular preventive system which, in its essence and taken as a whole, was never practised by any saint before him, and could not have been, owing to the peculiarities of the times.

Every one of the great Christian institutes that make it their special work to impart a Christian education follows the preventive system in substance, but every one of them employs special and characteristic means. Leaving aside the movement that covers the first four or five centuries, from the Apostolic age to the unsurpassed triumphs of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, the subsequent great movements can be reduced to four: the Benedictine, from the sixth to the twelfth century; the Franciscan, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century: the Ignatian, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century; the Salesian, from the nineteenth century on.

The Franciscan, Jesuit and Salesian movements have not had that unity that characterizes the Benedictine movement; hence each of them is representative of a group of orders. Thus we may link with the Franciscan institute such other orders as the Dominicans, the Carmelites, the Servites, the Augustinians, the Minims and the Brothers of Common Life. All of them are institutes of religious formation and education with austerity, mortification, intense interior and mystic piety as a fundamental base. Again, we may group with the Ignatian movement such institutes as the Ursulines, the Vincentians, the Calasanctians, the Barnabites, the Christian Brothers and the Somaschis, all of which, however diversified by their peculiarities, do substantially coincide in a method where discipline and obedience, doctrine and a reasoned doctrinal piety, are evidently characteristic.

The first three of the historical movements named above are still flourishing as three famous methods of Christian education, three great preventive systems devoting themselves to the formation of the youth and of the common people, and endeavoring to assist them in avoiding sin and practising evangelical virtues. To this end the Jesuits use doctrinal discipline along with a reflective and meditative piety; the Franciscans and Dominicans specialize in the austerity of penance and poverty, and cultivate a contemplative and mystic piety; the Benedictines resort to manual labor and to study to foster a liturgical piety.

The fourth among these historical educational movements, the Salesian system, has more points of similarity with the Benedictine than with the two other intermediate systems. It is based on familiarity and buttressed by Eucharistic piety. Don Bosco called it Salesian after Saint Francis of Sales, in whose life and doctrine are found the essential lines of the method employed by Don Bosco in his educational work.

This, then, is Don Bosco's great invention, worked out by following the Gospel and Saint Francis of Sales, by following the heavenly visions he had since his boyhood, and by obeying the direct teachings of Jesus and of Mary, Help of Christians, who deigned to choose him to effect the regeneration and reconciliation with God of this no longer Christian modern society.

Don Bosco was not the inventor of a theory of more or less speculative value. He was the founder of a practical system of Christian living. This system embodies in its rich and complex substance a theory which it is the province of the philosopher to find out and analyze. It was a historical and epoch-making invention far superior to any of those which at the cost of very hard labor one may hope occasionally to extract from the volumes of modern pedagogy.

It can with dignity take its place side by side with the three earlier inventions to which our Christian and modern world is so largely indebted. The Benedictine movement molded and transformed the mediaeval barbarian tribes. The Franciscan movement directed and bridled the exuberance of the new nations that were beginning the march of a wonderful new civilization. The Jesuit movement stemmed the intellectual and religious disintegration of Christian society in the sixteenth century, and educated the populace in all its manifestations of life and culture. Last came the Salesian movement, whose mission, in Leo XIII's opinion, is to regenerate our modern proletariat, deceived and led astray by the most extravagant army of philosophers, politicians, thinkers and demagogues the world has ever witnessed.

The precursor of this Salesian preventive system was Saint Francis de Sales, and its inventor and practical demonstrator was Blessed John Bosco.

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AFTER THE BOYNE

By SEAN O'NEILL

THE battle of the Boyne which North of Ireland Protestants have just been celebrating, established Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. In Europe it restored Catholic solidarity. At the epoch of the battle of the Boyne the religious wars were over. It is true that the Protestant Hungarians in alliance with the Turks, had made war on the Catholic emperor. But this struggle was national rather than religious. The disrupting influences in Europe flowed from the personality and the pretensions of Louis XIV.

Louis aimed at dominating Europe. He was a pretender to the Spanish throne and a candidate for the office of the Holy Roman Emperor. The ascendancy of Louis would have meant the rise of disintegrating influences in the Church, for Louis was an enthuisastic supporter of the Gallican theory of the relations between church and state. According to the Gallican view, the papal supremacy was limited: first, by the temporal power of princes; secondly, by the authority of the bishops, who alone could, by their assent, give the papal decrees infallibility; and lastly, by the customs and usages, laws and constitutions of particular churches, such as the Gallican Church in France. In 1682 the clergy of France subscribed to a declaration which made the Gallican theories explicit. The fourth article declared: "Although the Pope have the chief part in questions of faith, and his decrees apply to all the churches, and to each church in particular, yet his judgment is not irreformable, at least pending the consent of the Church."

Gallicanism had an ancient tradition behind it, and had the support of the great ecclesiastics. No mere tissue of abstract specifications, the Gallican liberties tended to exalt the monarchy and to weaken the balance between church and state. Moreover, the example of a state with a church national and subsidiary was infectious. Gallican theories were introduced into several European countries. James II endeavored to revive Catholicism in England, but James's doctrines were tainted with Gallicanism.

Before he sailed William of Orange gave assurances to the emperor that the war which he was about to undertake was in no way directed against the Catholic religion, and the secular head of Catholic Europe returned thanks to him for protecting English Catholics from the fury of the mob. Three successive Popes declined to help James II. In reply to his embassy, the Pope wrote: "The Pope, as the common father of Christendom, has learned with deep sorrow of the sudden and unexpected misfortune of the king of England. Yet he must consider as the real source of trouble the inseparable alliance of King James with the king of France, and his attempts to imitate King Louis. Therefore the Pope can in no way supply King James with money."

The significance of the battle of the Boyne was political, not military, and its political importance was due to the flight of James. It is after the battle of the Boyne that the national struggle emerges clearly, for up to that time the Irish had been dominated by English Jacobites and French diplomatists. After the Boyne the heroic period of the Irish resistance begins: there was the guerilla warfare waged by the Rapparees, and the brave defense of Limerick and Athlone. The French commander left Limerick before the siege began. "It is necessary," said he, " for the English to bring cannon against such a place as this. What you call ramparts might be battered down with roasted apples." Then Sarsfield made his dash on Ballyneety. William's general, riding to intercept him, was startled by the appearance of a sudden flash of lightning, the quaking of the earth, the noise of a fearful explosion. Arriving at Ballyneety, the Williamites found dead men, live embers, charred provisions—the debris of their siege-train. Sarsfield had resolved to succeed at Ballyneety or to leave for France. His success inspired the Irish to hold out at Limerick, although James's viceroy and the French party urged immediate capitulation. At a meeting of the general officers at Galway, Tyrconnell read a letter from James giving orders to such of the military officers as pleased to take advantage of the French fleet then in Galway Bay to embark for France and join him there, and permitting the men of inferior rank to submit to the prince of Orange. Sarsfield opposed the capitulation, and his words, backed by the deed of Ballyneety, turned the scale against James's viceroy. William was forced to raise the siege.

Says Macaulay: "The history of the first siege of Limerick bears in some respects a remarkable analogy to the history of the siege of Londonderry. The southern city was, like the northern, the last asylum of a church and a nation. Both places were crowded by fugitives from all parts of Ireland. Both places appeared to men who had made a regular study of the art of war incapable of resisting an enemy. Both were in the moment of extreme danger abandoned by those commanders who shold have defended them. Lanzon and Tyrconnell deserted Limerick as Cunningham and Lundy had deserted Londonderry. In both cases religious and patriotic enthusiasm struggled unassisted against great odds, and, in both cases, religious and patriotic enthusiasm did what veteran warriors had pronounced it decidedly absurd to attempt."

The defense of Athlone was more dramatic because at one time it was resolved into a hand to hand contest between the Irish and the English forces. Arch by arch the English crept along till by the night of June 22 the whole bridge save one broken arch on the Connacht side belonged to them. As the arches were broken they were repaired in order that the storming party might have an easy passage. The French officers had never seen such determination in defense, and they declared that the Irish were brave as lions. On the night of June 26 the English possessed the stone bridge save the one arch nearest the Connacht side, which the Irish had broken down. There now remained the task of bridging this distance. In the night the English laid planks across the opening. The Irish perceived the danger that threatened them if the planks were not removed. Men, with axes, who would be exposed to the fire of cannon and of muskets were required to cut down the planks. The first volunteers were from a Scotch regiment, and when the eleven advanced there was a great hush of amazement and admiration. Cannon and muskets were fired. When the smoke cleared away the eleven men lay in death. Then others came forward. Plank after plank was torn up and thrown into the Shannon. Man after man fell, but others persisted in the attempt. Two of the volunteers returned.

In the end, the Shannon being crossed by a ford lower down the river, Athlone was taken. Aughrim, eighteen miles west of Athlone, was the last stand. Jealous of Sarsfield, St. Ruth kept him from the scene of action. As he turned around to give an order a cannon ball struck him and he fell dead. Sarsfield, in ignorance of the course of action, stayed behind a hill until the battle was practically over. Compared with Aughrim, the battle of the Boyne was only a skirmish. Three days afterwards when many of the slain had been buried, a historian of the war surveyed the ground. Looking from the top of a hill, he could see the naked bodies of men. They seemed to him like sheep dotted over the pastures and bogs.

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MISTRAL

By THÉRÈSE LAVAUDEN

COMPARING two French poets, Meredith one day exclaimed to a group of friends: "It is not the most famous who is the greatest; but the other." The two poets in question were Victor Hugo and Mistral.

Today the Latin countries on the shores of the Mediterranean—France, Spain and Italy—are celebrating the centenary of him whom Gaston Paris has called the magnus parens of the races of langue d'Oc.

Frédéric Mistral, who was to drag the Provençal language from oblivion and give a glamor to its poetry surpassing that of the time of the troubadours, was born at Maillane on September 8, 1830. It was the heroic year of the Romantic movement. The battle of Hernani was being waged at the Théâtre Français. Musset was publishing the Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie; Lamartine, Les Harmonies; Théophile Gautier, Poésies. Afar from these pioneer works, the child was reared in the little village near Arles, in a rustic house where French was not spoken. Twenty-five years later, people were to oppose his works to those of declining Romanticism and recognize in him the only great epic poet of France since the author of the Chanson de Roland. Lamartine prophesies that he will be immortal. And all the critics heralding Mirèio, his first great work, in a transport of surprise and enthusiasm, pronounce pell-mell the names of Virgil, Dante, Petrarch, Goethe and Milton.

Mistral lived eighty-four years. He died on the eve of the great war, on March 25, 1914, without having, except for a few journeys to Paris, left his native Provence. His works appeared at regular intervals throughout his life, with the harmonious recurrence of slowly ripened fruit. Until the end his genius was prolific, devoted in turn to poetry, erudition (Mistral compiled for Provence, Lou Tresor dóu Félibrige, a vast dictionary of the langue d'Oc comparable to the work of Littré for French) and social action which he pursued until his death, by means of an assiduous correspondence with the élite of Europe upon whom he exercised an influence comparable to that of Ruskin, Whitman or Tagore. Just before his death he finished the translation of Genesis upon which he had been working for fifty years.

Up to the last of his long life, the great old man was venerated by his own country folks and praised by critics who are said to be the most caustic in the world but who were silenced by the haughty candor of his genius. He was awarded the Nobel prize for literature, with Echegaray, in 1904 and on his death the Parliament of Hungary sent his widow an official address of condolence.

When Mirèio appeared in 1859, it certainly contained all that was likely to rouse opposition. Written in a half-dead language or, at any rate, one that was degraded to the level of a mere peasant patois, it bore witness, as well, to the author's complete indifference to fashions of the day. At a period of literary exoticism, when the poets were seeking throughout the ages and space heroic landscapes for their muse and strange costumes for their heroes, Mistral chose his subjects from among the humble folk of his surroundings. "I dedicate Mirèio to you," he wrote to Lamartine. "It is my heart and my soul. It is a bunch of grapes which, with all its leaves, is being offered to you by a peasant."

Mirèio is the romance of a little country girl from the delta of the Rhône, who, having fallen in love against her family's will, with a wandering basket-maker, dies of sun-stroke when running one summer's day to implore the aid of the "Saintes Maries," the patronesses of her country. The poem, placed under the protection of Christ "born among shepherds," blends in a curious manner—according to the leaning of Mistral's temperament—the pastoral serenity of Homer with the cosmic lyrism of the Old Testament.

In 1867 Mistral's second great poem appeared, Calendau. If Mirèio is an idyll, Calendau is the real epic, the heroic chanson de geste of Provence. Mirèio, a virgin sacrificed, is the Iphigenia of Arles, not less pure nor less pathetic than the Greek one. Calendau on the other hand is the Hercules of the coast. The scenery of Mirèio was the low-lying valley through which the Rhône flows from the Alpilles to the sea, amid lands, sometimes sweet-smelling like gardens, at other times barren as deserts: Crau and Camargue—lowlands of stones, mirages, salt marshes, wild animals, silent and cruel men. In Calendau we have the marine Provence, a land of fishermen, pirates and sirens. The hero is the bravest and most athletic fisherman of Cassis, a little harbor near Marseilles. His beloved is a fairy, Esterelle, an elusive spirit who personifies the capricious charms of Provence. How Calendau frees Esterelle from the tyranny of the bandit, Sevéran, then is obliged, as a valiant troubadour, to undergo the successive trials imposed on him by his lady's ingenious cruelty, is described in the poem, in a series of cantos of unsurpassed beauty, spirit and verve. The night-fishing, the water-sports of the boys of Cassis, the forest fire, Calendau's flight from the bees, are so many episodes animated by an epic breath, by the liveliness of a great fable, which has no parallel in French poetry.

Eight years after Calendau, came Nerto. Faithful to the source of his inspiration, Mistral again took his subject from Provence, but this time not from contemporary popular life. His poem retracing a local folklore legend recalls the time of the Great Schism and the Anti-popes which made Avignon the most corrupt and luxurious court of Europe. It is not surprising if the devil figures as the central personage in such a décor. As in Faust, as in Freischutz, and in the Countess Kathleen of Yeats, his prey is a human soul. Nerto, the young heroine vowed to the devil by an ambitious father, is saved from hell by the divine intervention which changes her into a stone nun. This legend gave Mistral scope for introducing into his poem more of that fantastic element which had already played an important part in Mirèio and Calendau.

Mistral is the poet of the supernatural par excellence and his whole work is a striking challenge to those who assert that fairyland is the exclusive property of the North. Each of his four great poems, those just mentioned and the last of them, Lou Pouèmo dóu Rose (The Poem of the Rhône), a passionate ode to the great river, presents, beyond the human plane upon which the action is set, a transcendant one which surrounds the movements of the heroes with that fabulous atmosphere proper to primitive epics.

Frequently we see the characters of his poems in familiar converse, either about their daily affairs or in moments of great emotional stress, with the friendly, or evil powers about them. The supernatural world of Mistral, obedient to the traditions of his native folklore, ranges from the most primitive animism, deifying the elements, fire, the sea, the great parent Rhône, the harvest, the instruments of labor, to the effusions of Christian mysticism. Mirèio expires in ecstatic contemplation. Nerto herself demands the sacrifice necessary to redeem her.

Such is the work of Mistral, a great poet, a great Christian and a great Frenchman of Provence. One who for the langue d'Oc did the same as Dante for the language of Tuscany. When he undertook its restoration, the condition of Provencal

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was so debased and so weak that Mistral's linguistic work is more than a revival. Like that of the great Florentine it can be called a genuine creation. Four epic poems, two volumes of lyrics which are among the most beautiful in European literature, not to speak of a host of other poems and political prose—this monumental achievement, and the example of the life of a just man wholly devoted to the contemplation and expression of beauty, were his legacy to his country.

It has been said of Frédéric Mistral that he represented a manner of life and thought anterior to the poets of ancient Greece. And indeed he had their unfailing simplicity, the childlike piety and candor associated with the majesty of genius. Did he not express that himself with wistful geniality in those lines of the sonnet, My Grave, written shortly before death: "When people shall ask them—what is this mound? They shall reply: 'That? That is the grave of the poet who made songs for a beautiful Provençal called Mirèio. . . . He whom they elected King of Provence and who now only survives in the songs of the brown crickets.' "

This is the "memento quia pulvis es" of a great man. But let us open Mirèio and we will contradict his humility. Before the dead girl, so beautiful, so young, so fresh and full of grace we shall say, with Lamartine: "O Poète de Maillane, tu es l'aloès de Provence; le parfum de ton livre ne s'évaporera pas en mille ans" (O poet of Maillane, you are the aloe of Provence; the perfume of your book will not pass away within a thousand years).

You and the Sea

All day the sea in my heart—
All day the sound of the sea, surrounding and holding me,
All day the breast-high tide against my beating side;
And the tide flows and the day goes,
And in all the wide, wide world for me
There is nothing but you and the sea, you and the sea.

All day the sundering sea:
What is near is far, what is far is near—
The words that I speak, the words that I hear,
Are lost in the sound of the sea.
Voices around me, the coming and going—
But no sound to me but the tideways flowing;
Nothing in all the world for me
But you and the sea, you and the sea.

The wind is high in my high elm tree—
High in the mast the wind blows free;
The wind is quick in the waving grain—
Strong blows the wind on the rolling main;
The shadows pass on the windy grass—
But a clouded deep and a cleaving keel
Is all that I see, is all that I feel
Nothing in all the world for me but you and the sea, you and the sea,

All day the sea in my heart;
And the tide flows and the day goes,
And the moon is up, and a single star,
And the wind is down, and the world is still.
But the world is a wide, wide waste to me—
Nothing in all the world for me
But you and the sea,
You and the sea.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

COMMUNICATIONS

AUTHORITY IN THE CHURCH

Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I wish to call your attention to some literature offered to Episcopalians by an Anglo-Catholic professor—apparently for the purpose of neutralizing the present Romeward trend among Anglo-Catholics.

The article to which I refer appeared in the Milwaukee Living Church of August 2, 1930. It is entitled The Body of Christ and was written by the Reverend William H. Dunphy, professor of dogmatic and moral theology in Nashotah Seminary, Wisconsin. In his undergraduate days at Harvard, Dr. Dunphy was specially known for his fainting-fits caused by excessive religious fasting, and also for frequent spells of "Roman fever." The following statements are made by him in the above-mentioned article:

"The disheartenment and the casting of longing glances across the Tiber all have their origin in the failure to grasp the scriptural and Catholic conception of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of God.

"The ordinary Roman Catholic thinks of the Church as a society governed by an absolute monarch, the Pope, and made up of those who submit to him and his representatives. It emphasizes the divine foundation and authority of the Church but, like the Protestant theory, conceives of it primarily as an organization constituted, or at least maintained, by the union of human wills. . . . The union is produced, not by the free coördination of human wills, but by the subordination of all other wills to one, that of Peter's successor. . . . All its emphasis is laid on external organization.

"Romanism treats the priesthood as practically a caste, set over against the Church; there is the widest separation between the pew and the altar, where the Mass is mumbled in a dead and unintelligible language, and the priest 'conficit Corpus Christi,' the congregation playing a merely passive part.

"Romanism treats the Church as a three-story house, consisting of the ground floor, the Church militant, the attic, the Church triumphant, and the cellar, the Church suffering. The Church on earth is practically a separate body, needing a separate head of its own. Also it makes a sharp and rigid distinction between those it prays for, and those it prays to, between those whom we help and those who help us.

"The Anglican Church today is distressed by many heresies, by the denial even of fundamental truths, as was the ancient Church in the fourth and fifth centuries when heretical bishops—and one heretical Pope—filled the leading sees of Christendom; and as the Roman Church in Spain in the middle ages when Moorish sultans appointed Jews, Turks and even unbelievers who scoffed at a future life, to bishoprics."

Dr. Dunphy's source of inspiration is revealed when he quotes the lay Russian Orthodox theologian Khomyakoff as follows: "Romanism exalts authority to the point where it leaves no trace of a Christian man's liberty. . . . Romanism is an unscrupulous tyranny."

What shall be our attitude toward this professor of ill-will, untruth and disunity? Though we know that Dr. Dunphy lacks a grasp of historical truth and orthodox theology, we must remember that he holds a position of responsibility as teacher of dogmatic and moral theology to future clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His Living Church contribution quoted above was addressed, presumably, to intelligent Episcopalians. In view of the fact that all such ill-will is based on intellectual astigmatism or bad faith, must we choose be-

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tween ignoring such tirades or controverting them? Is there not a third way of returning good for evil?

Arnaldo Cortesi in the New York Times Magazine of August 10, 1930, writes: "It must not be forgotten, in the first place, that the Holy See is perhaps the most perfect example of an autocracy in existence in the world today. The whole vast and complex organization of the Vatican with its ramifications in every corner of the globe, revolves around the Pope and he wields absolute authority over it. Even in such delicate matters as finance, he is accountable to no one."

Monsignor Pierre Batiffol wrote to the same effect in the English Dominican Blackfriars of June, 1923: "Let us not fear to express our regret that Roman Catholicism has, in the course of so many centuries, had so many losses. How much richer and more attractive it would be if it still included the Africa of Augustine, so soon destroyed, the East which separated from it, and England that the Reformation led astray! It has had to defend itself alone against schisms, alone against Protestantism, alone against modernism. It has thus taken up an attitude of defense, concentration and of severity, which its isolation forced upon it. Is it God's intention that it should renew its youth? It is possible such a thing might be brought about by its becoming more open in mind and heart, but equally well by the separated churches, which up to now have shut themselves up distrustfully in their hereditary hostility, putting off their distrust."

M. Faringdon Gray.

HOUSE AND ANNEX

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The editorial, House and Annex, in The Commonweal of September 3 and Father Ryan's article on Hoover, link themselves in my mind as differing treatments of one problem, viz., grossly unequal distribution of wealth.

Without going to the base of it all, the private ownership and exploitation of natural wealth or resources, a few things ameliorative suggest themselves. The gluttony for pleasure of the industrialized citizen is due, I think, to the monotony of his toil: monotonous because man is born and fitted to do a variety of things, in the doing of which he gets pleasure and education. This thought leads us to the conclusion that we are living unnaturally and hence uneasily, not to say unhappily. To vary the labor of man we must virtually scrap industrial society and bring man back to a relatively self-sustaining independence. He must be brought back to the land, with many modern devices to eliminate drudgery but enough life-giving toil for his body's sake. And this relative independence will make an immeasurably better man of him. He will not be dependent on a job, itself dependent on the cupidity of the modern masters of wealth. He can assert himself freely, find a larger outlet for his individuality, conserve his family life and assure himself virtual independence. The benefits are, in fact, innumerably great.

The instalment-buying of luxuries, with its consequent evils, will virtually cease, due to his renewed enlightenment and his continuing education: his necessary dealing with cause and effect. He will buy no luxuries until he has the full price in hand, and for cash will buy more cheaply. All this will mean decentralization: the destruction of such sores as Manhattan, Newark, Chicago and indeed all the modern festering spots on this fair earth. Land animal he will indeed be, whose roots are deep in the ground but whose highest branches will blossom in the heavens.

W. J. Hanna.

SUFFERING THE LITTLE ONES

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—Suffering The Little Ones, the worthy editorial in The Commonweal issue of July 30, is to say the least startling and imperative of immediate coöperative action. To imagine only 50 percent of Catholic children attending worthy private schools, established for the welfare of all of them at inconceivable labor and sacrifices by the clergy and nuns who give up their entire lives without hope of worldly recompense beyond a bare existence, is beyond comprehension. Certainly it is not the fault of those "non-attending little ones," and often might not be the negligence of their parents or guardians.

The Commonweal comments that "all they can do is to outline the problem and hope that it may be one of the major concerns of the next decade." But is that really all that can be accomplished? The foundation of our entire faith rests upon our future children. Father Mereto says, "Things would have been very different had there been a great national organization," which quotation is also taken from The Commonweal article. Is it too late to start one *now?* Why wait, when there are many volunteer laymen and women, ready, willing and able to do all that is necessary, so that these children may become pupils of the schools intended for them? All that is necessary is a constructive system, plus a sprinkle of encouragement that is so often inadvertently withheld by the laity.

Why not now? Who will be the first to volunteer? If you who read this are willing to assist, why not write to the editor of The Commonweal? Together we can easily create a plan of national action. Men and women, those with a living income particularly, could not spend their time better. And think what it would mean to you, to be directly the cause of diverting but one child to the school built for it. Leaders are required, several out of each diocese would be sufficient for a beginning. Even money is not so essential, although a little will be necessary for organization expenses. Workers are needed—experienced business men and women. The Commonweal enjoys a wide circulation among intellectual readers mostly, among whom are many fertile minds willing to cooperate. We must first ascertain the reason of so many parents' obsolescence. "Lay curers" in each neighborhood, out of each parish, will soon show why. The cause must then be removed. Some of the poorer dioceses might require financial support and those Catholics in wealthier sections certainly will come to the rescue. There are so many of us, that just a little will do an endless amount of good.

Luck.

ROMANCE

St. James, L. I.

TO the Editor:—This is not a complaint against Mr. Skinner's review of Greta Garbo in Romance. I think I have never seen the lovely Swede so enthralling, and he did her full justice in an admirable notice. What I should like to indicate, however, is that she has never yet been in a good plot, with the possible exception of Love, the film version of Anna Karenina. The most tawdry or the most wrong-headed scenarios are able to enlist and to enmesh her talents. Whether or not the directors have made for her only vehicles to appeal to "the pleasure man" one cannot definitely know. But no one will say that The Single Standard, The Kiss, La Rue sans Joie, or Romance could be held up in court as beneficial. The moral inculcated in them would not exactly pillar society.

In Romance, we are told quite at the beginning that there is no difference between right and wrong, unless we are young and deludable. Even in the mouth of Greta herself are put

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words that trifle with the idea of the future and which glorify only the fleetingness, the momentariness and the amorality of love. The bishop, who we believe is telling this tale to his grandson to deter him from a marriage that he himself hardly avoided with another actress (Greta), is then left at the end to say that there is nothing like such romance. Even after he had broken it because the girl had been in the pay of others. Even after the beast in him also had—not too romantically—emerged.

No, Romance, though splendid for Greta and for its photography, is rotten with that venality which the modern movies love to portray for the disedification of their audiences. The man (the bishop), whom real life and right reason would point to as worthy, is shown as contemptible (in an attack on his actress-love, just after he had called to save her soul); the bad woman is shown as laudable. And perhaps, for the sake of the plot, I'd not blame any of those who direct movieland and who try for no better than this twaddle, if there weren't the danger of corrupting the morals of all who admire Greta Garbo.

JAMES W. LANE.

GUILT UNDER PROHIBITION

Glace Bay, N. S., Canada.

TO the Editor:—The article on the philosophy of the punitive aspects of prohibition legislation by Summerfield Baldwin in the issue of August 27 has started a train of thoughts which I hope will find a terminus in your columns.

For example, it has brought to mind that quaint doctrine in English common law known as the deodand: where a chattel causing the death of a person was given to God "by being forfeited to the crown to be applied to pious uses, and distributed in alms by the High Almoner."

It is to be the deodand that Holmes (Common Law, pp. 25, 27, cited in Halsbury, Laws of England, vol. I, p. 61, note u) traces the doctrine of procedure in rem in admiralty cases. It is therefore not a mere accident that a ship is referred to as a "she" in popular speech. This is justified legally because a ship is in many cases a corporation sole in the eyes of the law.

It is to be further noted that modern penology, outside of prohibition legislation, always considers act and agent, substance and accidens; in this way differing from older practices which divorced the act from the agent and punished the former regardless. The juvenile court idea and procedure owe their genesis to this more modern point of view.

All this personification of inanimate things and substantializing of accidents recall to mind that trusty and rather rusty instrument which is known as "Occam's razor."

ANTHONY TRABOULSEE.

TEACHING SOCIAL SCIENCE

Kansas City, Mo.

TO the Editor:—As a teacher I am greatly interested in Carlton J. Hayes's paper in your issue of June 25, and equally interested in Wickham's estimate of John Dewey. (I got Wickham's three books and tried to read them all at once.) How I wish Wickham would turn his attention to our schools and the philosophy of those shaping them! Not so much on religious aspects but on "the fearful mess" Hayes refers to. Children are in increasing numbers asked to do nothing toward their education. The one coin with which they might purchase an education—personal effort of their own—they are no longer asked to pay. I am glad you published Hayes's paper. Would it be possible to interest your friend Wickham in the situation? How his pen is needed!

JOHN A. LUBY.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

As the Season Opens

COURAGE may presently emerge on Broadway in the form of an electrifying play, or the swift, novel and masterly production of some play that is only moderately good. But the signs of such approaching relief are certainly not piercing above a drab horizon as yet.

Something quite intangible seems to have happened to the theatre over the last twelve months. It may be partly a reflex of the listless general mind which has followed the erratic economic conditions of the world. The arts in general are far more dependent for vitality upon mundane conditions than they like to admit. Acute suffering or a social convulsion may impart an extraordinary impetus to creative effort, but generally lethargy and business paralysis have a totally different effect. The history of art bears out, I believe, the notion that great works have emerged from periods of intense activity and even more from activity coupled with the overflowing purses of generous patrons. The theatre especially has become increasingly dependent upon tangible assets. Writers, scenic designers, actors and stage hands have all become members of labor unions (some of them slightly glorified under the titles of guilds and associations) and the ownership of theatre properties has become a group of incorporated syndicates. All of this means enlarged production costs, the need of greater initial capital, and an increased dependence upon the economic surplus available after the needs of industry have been met.

But there are, I think, two other significant aspects of the apparent falling off in theatrical zest. One is the period of profound readjustment necessitated by the inroads of the talkies. The other is the sheepish stupidity of the leading men behind the scenes in the theatre world.

The talkies have, in a broad way, transferred the centre of "show business" from the stage to the screen. It will be a year or two at the very least before the talkies as a whole reach any stimulating degree of imagination, technical assurance and provocative treatment—that is, before they stand forth clearly as a new medium of entertainment in their own right. But in the meantime, they have already provided a surprisingly satisfactory substitute for the average form of stage entertainment. I would much rather see again, for example, the Benét-Griffith production of Lincoln on the screen than Drinkwater's play. The average boredom encountered in viewing ten talkies is not as great as in seeing ten plays of the current low standard. The greater freedom of the screen in picturing action and movement from place to place is enough to give it a definite advantage in the mere telling of a story. In spite of all the impressionist new freedom which authors are seeking, a real mastery of the technique of play construction is still the only means by which the stage can hope to create illusion and excitement. As entertainment or as gentle soporific, the screen stands a better chance with the revenue-producing public. Show business as such is decreasing the function of the theatre—and the mere sensing of this fact has produced a certain discouragement among the less imaginative and less courageous theatrical producers, as also among playwrights and actors.

The general sheepishness of the race of theatrical dictators is merely aggravated and brought more clearly to light by the competition of the screen. As one actor put it to me recently, "the managers are all waiting to see which way the cat will jump, and what type of plays will go this season." This simply

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harks back to that incredible fallacy that there are certain types of plays which take in one season and fail in another. The facts of record simply explode this theory into a thousand bits. I cannot recall a single season in which the success of a play of one type has been followed by another success in a play of the same type. The five or six successful plays of any one season have invariably been plays of widely differing character. Among them you will generally find a salacious "smart" comedy, a realistic bit of life taken from some fairly fresh material, a romantic or perhaps costume play, one or two very homely comedies of "plain folks" and a couple of searchingly fine plays independent of time, place or plot. In addition there are apt to be two or three revivals done with enough gusto to give them fresh glamour. But there is just no such thing as a prevailing general type of successful play. As long as the managers (especially those controling theatres or large production resources) fail to use their wits sufficiently to face this fact, and stupidly wait for a "tip" on the cat's jump, much as office boys wait for a tip on the stock market, the stage will continue in the doldrums. In the meantime, there is always Eva Le Gallienne and occasionally the Theatre Guild and Arthur Hopkins and Jed Harris to uphold independent common sense.

The present theatrical nadir lends, however, the hope of timely reaction. More and more of the parasites who cling to the New York theatre in the hope of "making a killing" on a shoestring will be forced to the wall by talkie competition. The repeated box-office success of worthwhile plays, imaginatively staged, will induce the more substantial interests to follow the lead of Miss Le Gallienne and Jed Harris and the Guild—a process which will require brains, of course, but of the variety that can be purchased, if not possessed already. Fewer plays of much higher average quality and interest will probably be the trend over the next few years, with the current season in all likelihood marking the most discouraging point of the transition.

That's Gratitude!

FRANK CRAVEN has more than come up to hopes in his latest comedy—by large odds the best he has written and acted in for several years. A Craven comedy is never dull, and rarely invites unfriendly criticism. Possibly for that very reason, the critics have had an amusing time of it in trying to give That's Gratitude a generous pat on the back and at the same time to preserve their dignity by pointing out its many alleged weaknesses as a technical accomplishment. For every kind word and for every admission that it is excellent entertainment, there are corresponding qualifications to the effect that it would not be much without Mr. Craven himself in the leading rôle, or that the play has technical faults and that enjoyment must not be mistaken for enthusiastic praise. All of this is a bit silly. Dramatic technique consists in nothing more mysterious or solemn than making an audience accept the mood of the author and enjoy it. If the author's mood is boring, the audience will not accept it. If the way he states his mood is dull or clumsy, the audience will not enjoy it. Enjoyment, which involves willingness to yield for the moment to the play's illusion, is about as solid a test of real technique as one is apt to find. As to the importance of Mr. Craven's acting, what play is not improved by having in the lead the one man or woman ideally equipped for the part? I can think of numerous stock companies who will have fun and success with this little play for many years to come, even without Mr. Craven. The inflation of the critical balloon is never more apparent than when it tries to land solemnly on the pin points of a delightful trifle.

When Robert Grant (Frank Craven), an almost stranded theatrical road producer, does a good turn for Thomas Maxwell (George Barbier), an ink manufacturer with stomach difficulties, the two swear eternal friendship over a bottle of prescription rye. Maxwell insists that Bob has saved his life. This leads to an invitation to visit the Maxwell home in Hutchinson, Kansas. Bob somehow loses the distinction between a week-end and permanent residence, with the result that Maxwell's gratitude suffers much refrigeration. Bob, however, manages to straighten out a few difficulties in the Maxwell family, and through a surprising chain of events to make a successful musical comedy star out of the plainer of the two Maxwell daughters. The particular thanks he receives for his pains form the basis for an ironic third act.

Mr. Craven has considerable ingenuity as a playwright and as much or more as an actor and director, with the result that he makes the utmost of these simple situations and turns them to richly humorous and homely account. He has done some excellent casting to build up his support. George Barbier is comfortably at home as the small-town ink manufacturer with a penchant for the bottle. Myrtle Clark as the Cinderella daughter with a voice is astonishingly good—not only in making her last-act transformation believable, but in actual singing voice as well. She achieves the drab but determined daughter of the first two acts with the simplest of make-up devices and, miraculous to relate, without recourse to bone-rimmed spectacles! Even the most minor parts are well cast—making the play in every respect a brisk contribution to merriment. (At the John Golden Theatre.)

The Up and Up

IF THIS play by Eva Kay Flint and Martha Madison succeeds, it will be largely because of its fresh material (just one more aspect of racketeering) and because of a lively and novel second act. Nothing else could redeem what some friends of mine call the "sub-human intelligence" of its group of characters. Moreover, it is another of those plays which resort to constant blasphemies on the excuse of being realistic. I still believe that this prevalent custom of using the name of Christ on any and every occasion could be stopped in short order by a dignified public request—in the name of good taste and courtesy, if nothing more—from a group of leading authorities. Strong and vivid language has its place in definite characterization. But the real artist has always known how to convey the illusion of vulgarity without using every phrase that vulgarity has invented. The hypocrisy of the whole argument for realism falls down when we see that no play of the last five years has dared to use three or four expressions—harmless except in their literal vulgarity—which are always on the lips of certain types of men. It is simply a case of managers feeling that they can "get away with" one kind of realism and not another.

Most of the characters in The Up and Up are morons of high and low degree—and most of the activity centers around a group of bookmakers manipulating various races. The raid on their "phone room" in the second act furnishes not only novel material but swift and effective drama. The rest of the play is nothing but a picture of the curiously distorted ethics and viewpoint of low-rate racketeers. Pat O'Brien distinguishes himself for a restrained and excellent performance as the chief of this particular little group. (At the Biltmore Theatre.)

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BOOKS

Lincoln's Successor

The Critical Year, by Howard K. Beale. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.00.

IN THE reweighing of the historical evidence of that bitter period which Claude Bowers has termed the tragic era, and which might with equal propriety be labeled the age of hate—I refer of course to the savage struggles of the Reconstruction following in the wake of the Civil War—the character and the career of Andrew Johnson have come in for great attention, and the tailor-President is gradually assuming a more honorable post in our national history. The Critical Year, a careful study of the events of 1866 by a professor of history of Bowdoin College, is a further and very admirable contribution to this same telling of the truth about one of the bravest men in the history of America's national life.

No man without a deliberate and almost unchangeable bias could read carefully this volume of judicial tone, sound scholarship and careful appraisement of facts without concluding that Andrew Johnson was the hapless victim of a group of fanatic partizans. The policy which he sought to use toward the defeated South is here set forth with clearness and sympathy. Its main elements were the recognition that the southern states were still members of the federal union, and deserved restoration to federal relation as soon as possible; that "conscious traitors" should not be placed in the houses of Congress, but that whenever the southern states should elect to represent them men who personally could take the oath, these men deserved admission; that the war had been fought to keep the South in the union, and now that it had been won, it was ridiculous to seek to thrust it out.

So far as the rights of the millions of the new freedmen were concerned, Johnson was anxious to protect them to every needful degree. He believed, however, that suffrage was a state and not a federal matter, and while quite willing for the southern states by their own action to accord suffrage to Negroes, he was unwilling to employ the federal government as an agency to force such a step.

At the beginning of 1866 (his "critical year") Johnson probably had with him a majority of the common people of the country. Dr. Beale thinks, and I agree with his view, that Johnson also had at that time a majority of the people of the North as well. The difficulty was that most of the effective agencies of the control of public opinion were in the hands of the radicals. Worse than that, Johnson's natural political allies conducted themselves in such a way as to alienate moderate southern opinion, and to make more difficult a presidential task which already was extraordinarily hard.

Johnson was seeking to restore the southern states to their federal relations. But the southern states had, willy-nilly, rushed forward with a series of "black codes" which looked suspiciously like attempts by legislative indirection to reënslave the Negro. Johnson could get but little support from the Republican party, although he had been a candidate with Lincoln in 1864. Thus the Democrats constituted his natural support and hope. But the northern Democrats blindly and selfishly played their own petty party measures, and held aloof from the great union movement which the President sought to project in the fall of 1866.

By the blunders of those for whom he was imperiling his position, and by the selfishness of those whose natural duty it was to have exerted all their force and strength in his behalf, Johnson's efforts were reduced almost to impotence. None the less he struggled bravely, as was his habit, for the truths that he so strongly believed in and for the measures upon which he had set his heart.

Dr. Beale takes occasion to run to earth many of the traditional conceptions of Andrew Johnson, such as, that he was "a vulgar drunken tailor; a soap-box ranter; an illiterate, ill-mannered, intemperate fellow, stubborn, intolerant, quarrelsome; honest and well-meaning, but a fool, pliant in the hands of traitors, copperheads or anybody who would toady to him; a spiteful, inflated, and unprincipled egotist; an insolent, clownish drunkard, whose excesses disgraced the White House, whose family could not be recognized by respectable society, whose lack of dignity and incapacity in office made us hang our heads in shame before foreign nations."

This picture of course is completely untrue. The New England historian shows that while Johnson did talk overmuch of himself, this was the product not of egotism, but of an inferiority complex: "His boasting was a shield for a naturally sensitive soul. In most matters, Johnson lacked assurance, sought advice, hesitated in full realization of his own shortcomings. He truly said of himself: 'The elements of my nature, the pursuits of my life, have not made me either in my feelings or in my practice, aggressive. My nature, on the contrary, is rather defensive in its character.' "

Similarly, after a careful sifting of the evidence, Dr. Beale thinks it indisputable that, in a day of hard drinking, Johnson "was not one of the hard drinkers." It is true that on the occasion of his inauguration as Vice-President in 1865, Johnson did make a spectacle of himself, but after he became President, the most scrupulous search fails to reveal any evidence of his having taken too much to drink the entire term.

Space does not suffice to follow the intricate maneuvers of the rival political groups during 1866. But Dr. Beale demonstrates to the satisfaction of the reader that there did exist a vigorous, well-organized and largely unscrupulous radical propaganda against the President and his policies. It was this fevered radical propaganda, operating through channels of pulpits, editorials, public speeches, pamphlets and whispered canards and lies, which largely turned northern sentiment away from the President, and caused the defeat of the Johnson policies at the ballot box or boxes in the fall of 1866. One gains a fine insight into the propaganda methods from this volume; one also learns much of the truth about the ill-fated "swing around the circle," that famous presidential speaking tour which has gone down into history as the crowning blow to the Johnson campaign.

Dr. Beale has made use of the original manuscript of the diary of Gideon Welles, and has demonstrated that the printed volumes thereof contain many elisions and many changes. He has also searched the amazing Sumner collection, and it has afforded him an unusual number of illuminating sidelights on radical maneuvers. Then in Stanton's papers, he has found some startling unpublished letters, one of which with absolute certainty convicts Stanton of duplicity to his presidential chief in the early summer of 1866. This careful research lends a tone of authoritative value to the book. Its style is crisp and forceful. Its point of view is on the whole sympathetic to the southern problem and to presidential perplexities. Its treatment of the economic background of the political battles of 1866 is thorough and quite new. Without doubt The Critical Year is a real forward step toward a better conception of Andrew Johnson and the beginning of Reconstruction.

GEORGE FORT MILTON.

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The Puritan

Milton, by E. M. W. Tillyard. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

IN ORDER to present "Milton's literary development . . . illuminated as far as possible by his mental experience." Mr. Tillyard takes his reader on a somewhat arduous journey throughout all the poetical and all the more important prose writings of his author. He discusses the works in chronological order, and if in doubtful cases the order preferred by Mr. Tillyard is not acceptible to everyone, and the arguments adduced for the new arrangement are not particularly convincing, the method is excellent and no great harm is done. We are enabled far better to appraise an individual work, and we have unfolded before us the whole course of Milton's artistic and mental development so that we may note the changes, whether for loss or gain, which occur from the earliest paraphrases of Psalms when the poet was fifteen to Samson Agonistes and the protest against the Declaration of Indulgence. Moreover, Mr. Tillyard, for the sake of clarity and a striking formula, does not try to fit Milton into a Procrustean bed, ignoring embarrassing statements and amplifying those which fit, after the manner of M. Saurat who, as a result of this method, has written the most interesting and the clearest book on Milton, but a very dangerous book; or, as a reductio ad absurdum of this method, after the manner of Herr Mutschmann, whose articles are also very clear and very entertaining.

The confusion in Milton's own ideas respecting art and philosophy is strongly presented, and if the book is somewhat turgid and confused, the ultimate blame rests upon Milton himself, who was at once a child of the renaissance and of the Puritan revolt, a poet of beauty and a writer of slanderous invective, a stern moralist who yet defended polygamy and lying as a means to accomplish his ends, an independent in religion and politics, yet humbling himself before the authority of the Bible—interpreted, to be sure, in a markedly Pickwickian sense—and a Calvinist who rejected predestination and yet clung to election and reprobation and the rule of "saints." Perhaps had Mr. Tillyard written an introductory chapter showing succinctly just what the renaissance meant to Milton and what he had absorbed of it, and had he defined Puritanism and followed its shifting fortunes during the poet's career, and had he shown how close in some respects Milton was to the Puritan outlook and how diametrically opposite he stood in other respects, we should have had a clearer notion of Milton's literary development.

But this is a sin of omission; unfortunately there are sins of commission too. There are too many passages devoted to conjecture and pretty fancies. There is too much space taken by uninspired literary criticism and some space devoted to wrong-headed criticism, as in the case of the Fair Infant and of the Nightingale. Moreover, although Mr. Tillyard states on page vi that he quotes from the Oxford edition of Milton's poems, the carelessness with which he does so is not a little disconcerting. If, on page 25, "ipsa" is a mere printer's error for "ipse" as also the three errors in punctuation in the Latin lines quoted; and if, on page 94, "Alausi" is a mere printer's error for "Alauni"; and if the four errors in punctuation in the six lines from the Sonnet to Fairfax are typographical errors, what shall we say of the Sonnet on His Blindness, which not only shows five errors in punctuation but reads, with an excess of sibilants, "Either man's works or his own gifts," followed almost immediately by the author's, "When he says that God does not need man's works"? The Oxford edition, and all others that I know, read "work." Or what shall we say of the substitution of "stretching" for "reaching," in the quotation on page 255 which, as printed, goes in part: "Forth stretching to the Fruit, she pluck'd"; and when, on page 258, Mr. Tillyard writes, "When Eve in evil hour stretches forth her rash hand"? Although the two misspellings in the second quotation on page 271 may again be a printer's error who prefers the modern "boils" and "devilish" to "boiles" and "devillish," how can Mr. Tillyard let pass, "Bestruck with slandrous darts" (page 287) when the Oxford reads, "Bestuck," and how can he quote (page 287) "Dismiss her not," when Oxford prints, "Dismiss not her," or write (page 251) "Nor glistening" where Oxford writes, "Nor glistering"?

These are only samples, and by no means exhaust the list. But they tend to shatter our faith in Mr. Tillyard's accuracy in other matters. Our scepticism is sometimes rewarded. On pages 372 and 373, he argues that the May Song is maturer than the Fifth Elegy and the Nightingale. In doing so, he says he is reluctantly forced to disagree with Mr. Hanford. Had he turned to page 115 of Hanford's handbook he would have found that he could still hold his theory and at the same time be in perfect agreement with the Handbook's author. And again, in discussing the probable date of Milton's marriage, he ignores M. Saurat's note on the subject and makes the amazing statement that "the alteration of date would affect only a small proportion of my remarks," when, as a matter of fact, the entire criticism of Milton's motives for writing the first Divorce Tract hang in the balance. Did Milton write this tract as a logical conclusion to politico-religious tracts on liberty with a purely theoretical interest in divorce, or did he write it "a few weeks after he had married" as a result of experiencing the bitterness of an ill-mated union?

There are many other passages which I should like to comment on, but I shall conclude with the remark that Mr. Tillyard is at his best when tilting against Mr. T. S. Eliot and the anti-Miltonists. This chapter, the Epilogue, is the best written, the most vital and the most impressive in the book.

CORTLAND VAN WINKLE.

What Is Beauty?

Art and Scholasticism, by Jacques Maritain; translated by J. F. Scanlan. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

WHILE M. Maritain urges nothing more than the respiritualizing of art and the Christianization of those artists whose work otherwise is fainéant, he gives in this sterling book criticism of both the virtues and the faults of modern art. Pater once said of George Moore that he had "taken more pains than critics of contemporary art sometimes do to know from within what he is writing about." So with M. Maritain. His appreciations are so various as to include the Parthenon; mediaeval and baroque architecture; Giotto, Lorenzetti, Fra Angelico, Claude, Poussin, Greco, Cézanne, Rouault and Maurice Denis; Gregorian chant, Bach, Satie, and Stravinsky; Baudelaire's and Rimbaud's theories of aestheticism (with a difference) and Severini's theories of cubism.

The ideas of this many-sided book would not be so all-embracing had its author been a different sort of philosopher. But M. Maritain is an Aquinian. Hence with the deep-bosomed nature of a sea he receives the world of art to be judged and judges it as a person possessed of both sensibility and morality would: first, from its intrinsic goodness (finis operis); second, from the intention of the artist finis operantis); and third, from the circumstances of the act. Of course

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there are many other modes for the judgment of art and M. Maritain's intelligence is not slow to use them. These are based upon all those repercussions which beauty or the beautiful as such makes upon the vision or hearing, as the finis operis and the finis operantis challenge prudence, the honestum, or the sense of the good.

The beautiful, according to Saint Thomas, rests in what delights the mind. It is also "an analogous predicate"—beautiful in one place and not in another. Thus fitness, or as M. Maritain well illustrates, the superiority of the slightest sketch of Leonardo to the most finished Bouguereau, and the perfect proportion of Rouault's yokels to their artistic canon, is the focus of the judgment. But beauty appertains "to the metaphysical and transcendental order." Hence the attributes of God, *the theological virtues, especially wisdom and contemplation* par excellence, should adhere to it; and conversely, if beauty does not induce contemplation or if art (i. e., aestheticism) is made the ultimate end of man, the perfect joy of beauty, which is a religious joy, will not be attained.

As to the artist himself, since the virtue of art is a perfection of the spirit, and if properly Christian, heightens religion (without necessarily becoming ecclesiastical), he must possess and not be possessed by the rules for producing beauty. Unfortunately, there are a great many good citizens, ruled exclusively by that respectability and prudence that caused the sickness of nineteenth-century art, who think an artist's originality and freshness should be curbed, and that art should always conform to the same canons. It is these people—who, more unfortunately, comprise a certain number of Catholics—that M. Maritain, one of the three great neo-Catholics today, is at brilliant pains to edify. Deploring the commercialized ornamentation of modern churches, he reasons that if only the modern church art did not seek to smite the breast of the worshiper with its own highly personal thoughts, the conditions would be again good for a genuine sacred art such as the primitives had. "Change the soul, the inner principle [of the most 'advanced' moderns], imagine the light of faith and reason taking the place of the exasperation of the senses . . . , and you have an art capable of high spiritual developments. In that sense, although from other points of view it is diametrically *opposed to Christianity, contemporary art is far closer to a* Christian art than academic art." Some of even the Protestant churches constructed in the modern spirit (e. g., the Engelbrekt Church, Stockholm) show that perhaps sacred art is making an attempt to show its head again.

But if this modernism, in the admirable instinct "to find a form of expression that will not convey a lie," becomes, in Maritain's glorious phrase, the suicide of an angel—through forgetfulness of matter, it will have only itself to blame. For by its "angelic swoon into 'abstract intellection'" it will have lost that grace so necessary to the elevation of nature. Thus the burden of art is realized to be, by one who has written from the heart, not the proclamation of a soapy aestheticism void in the ability to discern good from evil, like the aesthetics of Nietzsche, but the joining of battle between the angels of darkness and light.

Even the most refined superlatives known to criticism might cheapen this book, unless one said that it contains almost the whole matter of aesthetics. The number of problems in the category of high lights upon which both its text and its pleasingly long notes descant is incredible for so small a book. Admirably translated, it contains all one need know about aesthetics and right appreciation. It is both an event and the last word.

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For Mediaevalists

The Infidel Emperor and His Struggles against the Pope: A Chronicle of the Thirteenth Century, by Paul Wiegler; translated by Brian W. Downs. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

THE volume now before us might be compared to a racing bicycle stripped of all accessories—bell, brake, saddle, springs and so on—but with the tires filled with sand. Or to a yacht, decks and hull cleared, ready for the race, carrying a large cargo of fish and potatoes. All the paraphernalia of history have been discarded. There is no index, no bibliography, no preface, no appendix. One looks in vain for notes or references of any kind. Even chapter heads and running heads are missing. All possible space is saved in the construction of the book, the top of the printed page coming where the heads are usually found. One might expect from these facts to find simply a "novelized biography," and the liveliness of style and the reporting of thoughts and desires on the part of the characters might incline toward that conculsion.

Nevertheless, there is this important difference: The Infidel Emperor would be almost impossible for one not largely acquainted with the history of the thirteenth century to understand satisfactorily. The stage is so large, the style so hurried and compressed, the action so dazzingly swift, the actors so numerous, that the general reader would soon find himself bewildered. The interest would be intense but the understanding vague. Every paragraph swarms with new names, given without introduction or explanation, perhaps referred to again, perhaps never reappearing, and there is a confusing use of pronouns. Once the confusion is resolved, however, by consideration, scenes and characters appear, and a certain beauty of style.

Indeed, anyone who cared to take the trouble would find himself well repaid for reading this book slowly and carefully, consulting also on occasion an encyclopedia or history for the identity of the minor characters here insufficiently placed. It is not a book that he who runs may read, and while the crowding and compression may be to a certain extent responsible for the fact, the ill success of the translator in his attempt to alter the German idiom seems to blame in some difficult passages.

The list of illustrations reads like the catalogue of a thirteenth-century collection in some great museum, and the reproductions are excellent.

KENTON KILMER.

Twilight of the Knights

Malta of the Knights, by Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

THE agreeable little island of Malta is evidently no stranger to dissensions in the bosom of the Church. This history of its rule by the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem is for the most part a story of feuds and bickerings, of struggles for precedence and high office that ill befitted the scions of the noblest houses of Europe. The flower of knighthood, like any other bloom, had its day and then began to go to seed. But even in its certain decay it was surrounded by a gorgeousness and glamor that lasted until the whole withered thing was blown away by the great wind of the French Revolution.

The first chapters of the book paint an adequate and satisfying picture of the stern régime and crusading spirit of the earlier Knights and such Grand Masters as L'Isle-Adam and La Valette. But the attention given to the greatest landmarks in the life of the Order—the siege of Malta and the

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battle of Lepanto—is scant in comparison to the accent on less edifying and more decadent aspects of its history. Lepanto, in which the Knights played an important rôle, ended the Mohammedan menace to Christian Europe, and with it the warlike purpose to which the Order had long since submerged its original mission of a life of religious observance and care of the pilgrim and the sick.

The subsequent battles of the Knights were confined to skirmishes at sea with Barbary corsairs, for as a "crack regiment" of the noblest families of Europe, they were pledged to neutrality toward all Christian princes. It is not strange that their fiery spirits found an outlet in feuds between the chapters within the Order, and revolt against authority within and without. The grand mastership became a more and more perilous honor: there was friction with the clergy of Malta and gusty outbursts against the Inquisitors sent by Rome to keep an eye on knightly circles. The vows of poverty and celibacy were scarce better observed than that of obedience. The wealth of the Order was spent on tapestries and mosaics instead of bastions. Discipline became lax and the decline continued apace. On June 12, 1798, one of the stoutest fortifications in all Christendom, held for two hundred and fifty years by these noble "athletes of Christ" was handed over without a struggle to a plebeian little Corsican, who paused in his progress toward Egypt scarce long enough to dictate the terms of surrender.

Knighthood in decay—a depressing spectacle! Yet so engaging is Miss Schermerhorn's account of the traditions and ideals of the Knights, so rich and colorful her picture of their long and baroque afternoon, that we recommend her book to those interested in "days of old," even at the risk of depriving them of their illusions.

JULIA KERNAN.

Contrasts

Mrs. Clutterbuck Laughs, by Guy Pocock. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50

THIS human story about a small town in England might have been written by Dickens, were it not that it lacks something of the Dickens's magic of expression and ability to hold and sustain the reader's interest. It is most emphatically in the Dickens's style, and too much so; to such a degree indeed, that one suspects the author of deliberate imitation, with the great novelist's flair for quaint and unusual names of characters, and his clever mingling of humor with pathos. Mr. Pocock, however, is a little more serious and less playful, and at times in his subtle irony reminds the reader of Thackeray.

It is a book of great contrasts—contrasts in characters, but also in writing, in strength of characterization and description. There are clever and exceptionally strong pages, while the author's attempts at pathos are dangerously close to the melodramatic. The narrative is set at a tempo of action possibly too languid for the average American reader. A little less of Dickens and Thackeray, and more of the author's own personality and unaffected style, would have improved the book wonderfully. It is, nevertheless, a novel quite human, amusing and readable, with flashes of near-genius in description and characterization. It describes certain inhabitants of peaceful Dixton most cleverly, and enters into their lives intimately and with discernment. The two main characters, Mrs. Clutterbuck and Dr. Rally, so utterly different, will probably be found in most any small village either in England or America, although Mrs. Clutterbuck is a trifle overdrawn and grotesque.

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Briefer Mention

Elfwin, by S. Fowler Wright. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

THE rather improbably named central figure of Mr. Wright's historical romance is the granddaughter of Alfred the Great. The background against which she and her lover, Sithric the Dane, struggle toward happiness, is the final conquest of the Danish invaders by the Saxon dynasty which redeemed and unified England. The story, swift and uncomplicated, gains a certain vitality and power of interesting from the dramatic contrast of the characters. Without laboring his analyses, the author really manages to limn in a clashing, strong-willed, austere ruling family: the elfin and unchanging daughter, the strong and suffering mother, the uncle in whom all the flinty greatness of "Ethelwulf's spawn" is centered. The atmosphere, while unsparingly realistic, is made human by a strong sense of the power of religion.

The Student's Milton; edited by Frank Allen Patterson. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. $5.00.

MR. CROFTS has deservedly earned a reputation for university texts of exceptional attractiveness and quality. Most of these have been noticed with approval in The Commonweal, and it is a pleasure to say that the present Milton is fully the peer of its predecessors. All the poems are included, the Latin, Italian and Greek lyrics being accompanied by free translations (these last being, perhaps, the only questionable matter in the book). Unusually ample selections from the prose works are likewise provided. The text has been established with what seems meticulous care, and the pedagogical addenda have been curtailed to a brief foreword and a glossary. One knows that so good a book is sure to find a welcome.

The Aeneid of Virgil; translated by Harlan Hoge Ballard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

BALLARD'S translation of the Aeneid is well known, being perhaps one of the most usable of English versions. The hexameter meter is fluent, if not precisely poetic, and clings to the original with such exemplary fidelity that it can be read with real pleasure to the accompaniment of the Virgilian text. Such introductory material and notes as were included in the second edition are retained.

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